

A Select
COLLECTION of HYMNS,
universally sung in the late
Countess of Huntingdon's
Chapel's

Collected by

with a

her Ladyship

Supplement



BY AUTHORITY of her LADYSHIP'S TRUSTEES.

"What meanest thou, O Sleeper? Arise,
Call upon thy God." Jonah Ch. 2. Ver. 6.

Published for the Benefit of the CONNEXION FUNDS.

And Sold by

Holdsworth & Ball 18 S^t. Pauls Church Yard

And at all the Chapels in the Connexion. Sundays excepted.

(Stereotype Edition by T. Rutt, Shadwell)

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

P R E F A C E.

THIS Collection of Hymns, the profits arising from the sale of which, were intended, by the noble Lady who formed it, "to be appropriated to the carrying on and support of the Gospel," having been published by several persons, not authorized by her Ladyship or her successors, for their own private emolument; and the original publishers for Lady Huntingdon, having adjusted the accounts of the former editions and generously relinquished the publication in favour of those published under the direction of the Trustees, appointed agreeably to the Countess of Huntingdon's Will, for promoting and perpetuating the work which she began; they have determined, at the request of some of the best friends to the Connexion, to provide respectable editions to accomodate the different descriptions of persons in the several congregations.

It has been their aim to avoid any considerable variations in the Hymns, that the least possible inconvenience may accrue to those who possess former editions; and they hope the corrections they have made will appear to be improvements, rather than unnecessary alterations.

It has been deemed desirable on several accounts to add a few Hymns to those originally collected by the Countess of Hunting-

don; and it is hoped that no other enlargement will hereafter be required, as the Trustees are persuaded that every addition, however excellent, must tend to the exclusion of other Hymns equally valuable, and as pretexts for such enlargements might be made continually.

The time of announcing these editions seemed particularly appropriate just after the commencement of an Institution, which it is presumed must be interesting not only to the friends of the Connexion, but to all who esteem the Ministers of Christ, "very highly in love for their work's sake;" and the Trustees feel confident that it will meet with general approbation, that the whole of the profits arising from the sale of the editions published under their direction, will be applied in aid of an Institution which is denominated, the

PROVIDENT FUND,

For the relief of Aged and Infirm Ministers, and Widows, and Children of deceased Ministers, in the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion.

Such an Institution had long appeared very desirable in behalf of those who devote themselves to the work of the Ministry among us; from the emoluments of which it cannot be expected that they can make provision for their widows or helpless offspring.

It is well known in the religious world with what zeal and liberality the late Countess of Huntingdon embarked in any plan for the glory of God and the extension of

PREFACE.

the Redeemer's kingdom ; but it is not perhaps so well understood, that the pecuniary support which she afforded, ceased at her death. Her Ladyship left the several Chapels which she had built or purchased, to four Trustees ; who are enjoined to fill up the vacancies that may occur in that trust, with a view to perpetuate the Connexion which she had established : but not being able to endow the places, or bequeath any thing for their future maintenance, it devolved as a duty on her Trustees to invite the friends of the Gospel in general, and such as were attached to the Connexion in particular, to assist them in the important work in which her Ladyship had been so laudably engaged. And they embrace this opportunity of making their invitations more public ; as by the liberal aid of benevolent Christians, they will be enabled, by the blessing of the great Head of the Church, to contribute the more successfully to the enlargement of Immanuel's kingdom, and thus fulfil the designs of their illustrious and honourable Predecessor.

The present publication also furnishes an occasion to introduce to more general notice the *Countess of Huntingdon's College*. Her Ladyship well knew that an enlightened ministry was necessary for the propagation of the Gospel ; and for the purpose of supplying her various chapels with such a ministry, she established and supported a College at Trevecka, in South Wales ; which was opened for the worship of God, and the admission of Students, by that eminent servant of Jesus Christ, the

Rev. George Whitefield, the 24th of August 1768, being the anniversary of her Ladyship's birth: and in the year 1792, the year after her death, the College was removed to Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, about 14 miles from London, by the Trustees who were chosen by her to perpetuate the same after her decease; where it is now supported by the annual subscriptions, donations, and legacies, of those who are well affected to the cause of Christ.

The Trustees of the Connexion, as well as the Trustees of the College, think it only necessary in order to insure the continued and increasing assistance of those who are united with them in worship, that they should be informed of the state of the Connexion, and the channel by which they may contribute their aid; they therefore respectfully acquaint them, and the Religious Public in general, that their bounty either by way of Donation, Annual Subscription, or Legacy, will be thankfully received, either for the general purpose of spreading the Gospel in the Connexion, for the College, or for the Provident Fund, by

Mr. JAMES ARUNDELL, 20, Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

Rev. JOHN FINLEY, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Mr. H. F. STROUD, Chapel House, Spa-fields.

'OSEPH TRUEMAN, Esq. Walthamstow, Essex.

or,

Mr. ANTHONY AVIOLET, Collector, 6, Cold Bath Square.

N B. Entered at Stationers' Hall, to prevent surreptitious editions.

INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

Hymn.

Abraham's God - - 47
Absence from God - 92
Admonition - - - 146
Adoration - - - - 315
Advent, second - 74, 75,
 176
Affliction - 52, 199, 304
Alarm - - - - 197
Anchor of hope - - 274
Angel of covenant - 277
Appropriation - - 95
Ascension - - - 118, 150
Assistance, divine 147
Assurance - - - - 37, 181
Atonement - - - - 35
Backsliding - - - - 43
Baptism - - - 348—350
Bethesda's pool - - 192
Blessedness, believers 98
Bridegroom's coming 82
Calvary - - - - - 122
Caution to professors 7
Christ all in all 71, 123
 aspiring after - - 235
 coming to - - - - 68
 fellowship with 284
 following - - - - 80
 happiness in 84, 285
 knowledge of - - 306
 longing for - - - - 175
 our kinsman - - - 189
 our sacrifice 100, 101,
 137, 237
 precious - - - - - 170

Hymn.

salvation in - - - 275
the best friend - - 70
the only refuge - 212
Christ's blood 168, 169
coming - - - - - 172
compassion - - - 276
care - - - - - 182
guidance - - - 38, 39
humiliation - - - 187
love - - - - - 20
merits - - - - - 36
offices - - - - 141, 167
presence 65, 69, 89, 236
sovereignty - - - 228
victory - - - - - 321
Christian's journey - 200
 race - - - - - 213
Church triumphant 298
Communion divine 27
Confidence in God 308
Conquerors - - - - 18
Contrite heart - - - 4
Covenant, angel of 277
 God's - - - - - 72
 stability of - - - 208
Cross, resting under 133
Crucifixion 32, 33, 61, 67,
 87, 154, 186, 214, 217
Darkness of soul - - 239
Death and judgment 319
Death, prospect of 263
 comfort in - - - 278
Dedication - - - - - 31
Deliverer - - - 86, 105

<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>
Departed saint 264	Grace - 23, 85, 164, 280
Desires, holy 58	experienced 11
Dismission 341, 342	free 142
Distress, manifestations in 12	growth in 13, 14, 206
Divine assistance 147	preserving 90
love 60, 81	reign of 157
wisdom 301	thankfulness for 25
Doxologies 290, 297, 343	Guidance of Christ 38, 39
Dying Christian 320	Happiness in Xt. 84,
Ebenezer 185	285
Efficacy of Christ's blood 168, 169	of heaven 205, 309
Elijah fed 247	Hardness of heart 53
Encouragement to the weak 201, 202	Heart renewed 24
Enquiring for heaven 204	Head of the church 55
Evening 196, 243	Helpless man 9
Examination 10	Hidden life 138
Expostulation 318	Hiding place 328
Faith 246	Holy desires 58
in Christ 78	Hope rejoiced in 163
living 26	Anchor of 274
in exercise 231	Sinners 221
joy of 62, 63, 64	Holy Ghost addressed 1, 2, 116, 272, 281
triumph of 226	Imputed righteousness 42, 54
waiting 50	Invitation 3, 16, 104, 135 218, 227, 240, 311
Faith's review 193	Jacob wrestling 30
Fellowship 286	Jesus crowned 300
Fight, the good 17	glorying in 299
Following Christ 80	High Priest 207, 276
Forbearance 326	looking to 217, 219
Foundation 327	precious 156
Fountain opened 162	seeking him 148
Free grace 142	weeping 322
Funeral 265—269	Jehovah Jireh 324
God is love 224	Joyful sound 329
Gospel, for its spread 76	
precious 5	

<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>
Joy of faith	62
in sorrow	110
Jubilee	44, 45
Judgment day	183, 317
King and Family	331
Lamentation	230
Light in darkness . . .	8
shining	140
Love amazing	113
boundless	223
Christ's	20
divine	60, 81
everlasting	215
God's	238, 241
redeeming	6, 128, 234
to Christ	106, 107
unchangeable	46, 91
	119, 120
Lord's day	57, 330
Loving kindness	314
Melchisedee	114
Mercy	51, 289
free and sovereign	66
unbounded	222
Morning	195, 196, 242
Name of Jesus	194
National	134, 344—347
Nativity	160, 161, 174,
	209, 210
Offices of Christ	141, 167
Omniipotence of God	302
Omniscience of God	188
Original and actual sin	34
Panting after God	225
Pardon for the vilest	283
Parting	93, 198
Peace of God	112
Perseverance	59, 73
Physician, the good . . .	79,
	102, 248
Pilgrim	179, 200
Pleading	124, 125, 152
Praise	28, 312, 313, 316
	exhortation to
	143,
	to Christ
	77, 96, 121,
	153, 287, 288
Prayer	127, 166, 180,
	270, 271
	sinner's
	132
	for King & family
	331
Propitious gale	310
Protecting love	19
Psalms	29, 97, 155, 178
Public worship	126, 220
	245, 303
Ransom	115
Reconciliation	184
Redemption	232
Reign of grace	157
Resignation	9, 158, 307
Resolution, believers' . . .	21
Rest in heaven	203, 305
Resurrection	117, 130,
	131
Retirement	145
Review of our ways	323
Righteousness	42, 54
Salvation	109
	in Christ
	275
Sacramental	249—262
Safety in a storm	151
	in Christ
	40
	of God's people
	244

<i>Hymn.</i>	<i>Hymn.</i>
Self-examination . . . 10	Thanksgiving 94, 173, 229
Sermon, before 108, 129, 136, 139, 232, 233, 332	Thankfulness for grace 25
after 109, 144, 216, 340	
Shepherd, the good 103, 191, 211	Tribulation 88
Sovereignty of Xt. 228	Trinity . . . 159, 273, 293
Sorrow, joy in . . . 110	Trust in God 282
Spiritual blessings . 111	Waiting soul . 15, 41, 56
mindedness . . . 171	Weak encouraged . 201, 202
Strength for the day 325	Wisdom divine . . . 301
Submission . 9, 158, 307	Witnessing of Christ 177
Surrender of heart - 83	Spirit 279
Sympathy of Christ 276	World a wilderness 149
Temp'tation . . . 99, 165	Worthy the Lamb - 22
	Wrestling Jacob . . . 30
	Youth 351—355



The Letters C. M. L. M. and S. M. signify Common, Long, and Short Metres; and the Figures explain the peculiar Metres.

5.5.11.	5.5.11.	8.5.6.	8.6.5.5.8.
6.4.	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	8.6.8.	8.8.6.8.8.8.
6.6.8.	6.6.8.	8.6.6.	8.6.6.
6.7.	6.6.7.7.7.7.	8.7.	8.7.
6.7.8.	7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.	8.7.4.	8.7.8.7.4.7.
6.8.	6.6.6.6.8.8.	8.7.8.	8.8.8. 8.8.7.
6.8.4.	6.6.8.4.	8.8.6.	8.8.6
7.	7.	10.	10.
7.6.	7.6.	10.5.11.	10.5.11.
7.6.7.	7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.	10.11.	10.11.
7.7.6.	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.6.	11.	11.
7.8.	8.8.8.8.7.8.8.	104th	10.10.11.11.
8.	8.		

A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS

1 *To the Holy Ghost.*

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night :
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributer of grace,
Rest upon this congregation !
Hear, O hear our supplication !

From that height which knows no measure
As a gracious show'r descend ;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send :
O thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination !
Rest upon this congregation.

Come, thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore ;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more :
Come with unction and with pow'r,
On our souls thy graces show'r ;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation.

Manifest thy love for ever ;
 Fence us in on ev'ry side ;
 In distress, be our reliever ;
 Guard and teach, support and guide :
 Let thy kind, effectual grace,
 Turn our feet from evil ways ;
 Shew thyself our new Creator,
 And conform us to thy nature.

Be our friend, on each occasion ;
 God, omnipotent to save ;
 When we die, be our salvation ;
 Nor forsake us in our grave ;
 And, when from the grave we rise,
 Take us up above the skies ;
 Seat us with thy saints in glory,
 There for ever to adore Thee.

2 *To the Holy Ghost.* 7.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine !
 Let thy light within me shine ;
 All my guilty fears remove,
 Fill me full of heav'n and love.

Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
 Set the burthen'd sinner free ;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,
 Wash me in his precious blood.

Life and peace to me impart ;
 Seal salvation on my heart :
 Breathe thyself into my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from thee stray,
 Keep me in the narrow way :
 Fill my soul with joy divine,
 Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

3 *Invitation.* 6. 8.

YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend
While Jesus sends to you :

Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesu's arms there yet is room.

No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame ;
He bids you come to-day,
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame ;
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.

Believe the heav'nly word
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious Lord,
And Faithful is his name.
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear ;
Let whosoever will, now come,
In mercy's breast there yet is room.

4 *The Contrite Heart.* C.M.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no ?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel :
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
Because I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclin'd
 To love thee if I could ;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more ;
 But when I cry, " My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted I know,
 And love thy house of prayer ;
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.

O make this heart rejoice or ache ;
 Decide this doubt for me ;
 And if it be not broken, break ;
 And heal it, if it be.

5 Precious Gospel. 11.

THE gospel brings tidings to each wounded soul,
 That Jesus the Savior, can make it quite whole :
 And what makes this gospel most precious to me,
 It offers salvation so perfectly free.

This gospel says further, God sending his Son
 To die for poor sinners, gave all things in one ;

This makes then the gospel so precious to me
 'Tis surely a gospel as full as 'tis free.

ince Jesus hath sav'd me, and that free' y
 too,
 I fain would in all things my gratitude shew ;
 But as for man's merit, 'tis hateful to me,
 The gospel, I love it, 'tis perfectly free.

6 *Redeeming Love.* 7.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name ;
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in *Redeeming Love* !

[Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless *Redeeming Love* !]

Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears :
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by *Redeeming Love* !

[Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop--and taste *Redeeming Love* !]

Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to your Savior's breast :
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but *Redeeming Love* !

He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in *Redeeming Love* !

Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise *Redeeming Love* !

7 *Caution to Professors.* L.M.

NOT words alone it cost the Lord
To purchase pardon for his own ;
Nor will a soul by grace restor'd,
Return the Savior words alone.

With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pomegranates border'd round,
The need of holiness express'd,
And call'd for fruit as well as sound.

Easy indeed it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of faith and love.

But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sov'reign grace,
Unless that grace has made *him* free.

8 *Light in darkness.* C.M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform :
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

9 *Helpless Man.* C.M.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God ! are in thine hand ;
My choicest comforts came from thee,
And go at thy command.

If thou should take them all away,
Yet let me not repine ;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

Nor let me drop a murm'ring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone ;
But seek enduring happiness
In *Thee*, and *Thee* alone.

What is the world, or all things here ?
'Tis but a bitter sweet ;
When I attempt a rose to pluck,
A pricking thorn I meet.

Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixt with gall ;
'Midst changing scenes, and dying friends
Be *Thou* my all in all.

10 *Self-examination.* C.M.

FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame !
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word

What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
 How sweet their mem'ry still !
 But now I find an aching void,
 Which God alone can fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest !
 I hate the sins that make me mourn,
 That drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest Idol I have known,
 Whate'er that Idol be ;
 Help me to bear it from thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 And light divine mark out the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
 O come with blissful ray !
 Break radiant thro' the shades of night,
 And chase these clouds away !

Then shall my soul with rapture trace,
 The tokens of thy love :
 But the full glories of thy face
 Are only known above.

11 *Grace experienced. C.M.*

OFT hast thou, Lord, in tender love,
 Prevented my request,
 And sent thy Spirit from above,
 An unexpected guest :

Oft, when my pray'r was scarce begun,
 Thou didst thy fire impart,
 And make thy pard'ning mercy known
 And seal it on my heart.

Why this profusion of thy grace
 To such a worm as me ?
 Father, I ask, in fix'd amaze,
 Explain the mystery !

Why dost Thou, to a sinner's cry,
 Incline thy pitying ear ?
 Thou hear'st my Advocate on high,
 And wilt for ever hear.

12

Divine Manifestation in Distress. 6. 7. 8.

WHEN I travail in distress,
 Or grief of any kind,
 Burthen'd with uneasiness,
 And anguish on my mind ;
 One sweet ray of heav'nly light
 Breaks up the clouds that come between,
 Turns to day the gloomy night,
 And quite renews the scene.

My complaints with speed remove,
 My sorrows turn to joy ;
 Songs of melody and love
 Again my tongue employ ;
 Then I enter into rest,
 Again I call Immanuel mine :
 And, like John, upon his breast,
 My weary head recline

13 *For Increase in Grace.* C.M.

O JESUS, Jesus, my good Lord ;
 How wondrous is thy love ;
 Thy patience, pity, tenderness,
 Which I each moment prove !

For Oh! how faithless is my mind,
How apt to turn aside,
And wander in its own deceits
Of reasoning and pride!

Yet, dearest Savior, love me still,
The poorest and the worst;
I know where sin did once abound,
Thy grace aboundeth most.

Yet let me not thy grace abuse,
And sin because thou'rt good;
But let thy love fill me with shame,
That I this love withstood.

Savior of sinners, keep me near,
Nor let me turn away,
From thy dear cross, and bleeding wounds,
But bind me there to stay.

On me, my King, exert thy pow'r,
Make old things pass away;
Create all new, and draw me still,
Still nearer, every day.

Lord, speak to me with thy sweet voice,
And give me ears to hear;
Still love, forgive, and pity me,
And hear a sinner's prayer.

14 *For Increase in Grace. C.M.*

O GIVE me, Savior, give me still
My poverty to know;
Increase my faith, each day in grace
And knowledge may I grow.

Open still more the mystery
Of thy dear bleeding cross;
And for this precious pearl, let me
Count all things else but dross.

O how transcendent is that grace,
Which thou dost then bestow,
When nothing in myself I feel;
But misery and woe;

'Tis then indeed, my gracious Lord,
Thy suf'ring state I see,
And thro' that veil with joy behold
Thy tend'rest love to me.

15 *The waiting Soul.* C.M.

BREATHE from the gentle south, O Lord
And cheer me from the north;
Blow on the treasures of thy word,
And call the spices forth.

I wish, Thou know'st, to be resign'd,
And wait with patient hope;
But hope delay'd fatigues the mind,
And drinks the spirit up.

Help me to reach the distant goal,
Confirm my feeble knee;
Pity the sickness of a soul
That faints for love of Thee.

Cold as I feel this heart of mine;
Yet, since I *feel* it so,
It yields some hope of life divine
Within, however low.

I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar;
And ev'ry door is shut but one,
And that is mercy's door,

There, till the dear Deliv'rer come,
I'll wait with humble pray'r;
And when he calls his exile home,
The Lord shall find me there.

16 *Invitation. C. M.*

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry welcome guest.

See Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come ;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room.

Room in the Savior's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites each soul to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.

There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

Ten thousand times ten thousand more
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore ;
Approach, there yet is room.

17 *The good Fight. 104th.*

OUR God is above
Men, devils, and sin ;
My Jesus's love
The battle shall win :

So terribly glorious
 His coming shall be,
 His love all-victorious
 Shall conquer for me.

He all shall break through ;
 His truth and his grace
 Shall bring me into
 The plentiful place :
 Through much tribulation,
 Through water and fire,
 Through floods of temptation,
 And flames of desire.

On Jesus, my pow'r,
 For strength I rely ;
 All evil before
 His presence shall fly ;
 If I have my Savior,
 He will not depart ;
 But Jesus, for ever,
 Shall hold fast my heart.

18 *The Conquerors.* 6. 8.

BY whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliah fought,
 And laid the Gittite low ?
 Nor sword nor spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.

'Twas Israel's God and King
 Who sent him to the fight ;
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
 Because young David's God is yours.

Who order'd Gideon forth,
 To storm th' invader's camp,
 With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp ?
 The trumpets made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.

Oh ! I have seen the day,
 When with a single word,
 God helping me to say,
 " My trust is in the Lord ;"
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.

But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness, and pride,
 How often do they steal
 My weapon from my side !
 Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
 Will help his servants to the end.

19 *Protecting Love.* 8.

WHAT tho' my frail eye-lids refuse,
 Continual watching to keep,
 And, punctual as midnight renews,
 Demand the refreshment of sleep,
 A sov'reign protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.

From evil secure, and its dread,
 I rest, if my Savior is nigh ;
 And songs his kind presence indeed,
 Shall in the night season supply ;

He smiles, and my comforts abound ;
 His grace as the dew shall descend ;
 And walls of salvation surround,
 The soul he delights to defend.

Kind Author and Ground of my hope,
 Thee, Thee for my God I avow ;
 My glad Ebenezer set up,
 And own Thou hast help'd me till now :
 I muse on the years that are past,
 Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd ;
 Nor wilt thou relinquish at last,
 A sinner so signally lov'd.

Inspirer and Hearer of pray'r,
 Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine,
 My all to thy covenant care
 I sleeping and waking resign :
 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
 The night is no darkness to me ;
 And, fast as my moments roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.

Thy minist'ring spirits descend,
 To watch while thy saints are asleep :
 By day and by night they attend,
 The heirs of salvation to keep :
 Bright seraphs dispatch'd from the throne
 Repair to their stations assign'd ;
 And angels elect are sent down,
 To guard the elect of mankind.

Thy worship no interval knows ;
 Their fervour is still on the wing ;
 And, while they protect my repose,
 They chaunt to the praise of my King,

I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join,
nd love and adore, without end
' Their faithful Creator and mine.

20 *On Christ's Love.* 8.7.

O MY Lord ! I've often mused
On thy wondrous love to me ;
How I have t^ee same abused,
Slighted, disregarded Thee !
To thy church and thee a stranger,
Pleas'd with what displeased thee :
Lost, yet could perceive no danger ;
Wounded, yet no wound could see.

But unwearied Thou pursu'dst me,
Still thy calls repeated came ;
Till on Calvary's mount I view'd Thee,
Bearing my reproach and blame :
Then o'erwhelm'd with shame and sorrow,
Whilst I view each pierced limb,
Tears bedew the scourge's furrow
Mingling with the purple stream.

I no more at Mary wonder
Dropping tears upon the grave,
Earnest asking all around her,
Where is he who died to save ?
Dying love her heart attracted ;
Soon she felt his rising pow'r :
He who Mary thus affected,
Bids his mourners weep no more.

21 *The Believer's Resolution.* 8.7.

SAVIOR, canst thou love a traitor ?
Canst thou love a child of wrath ?
Can a hell-deserving creature
e the purchase of thy death ?

Is thy blood so efficacious,
As to make my nature clean ?
Is thy sacrifice so precious,
As to free me from my sin.

Sin on ev'ry hand surrounds me,
No acquittance can I hear ;
Pangs of unbelief confound me,
Oh ! my grief I cannot bear :

Here then is my resolution,
At thy dearest feet to fall ;
Here I'll meet with condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.

Now deny thy grace and mercy,
If thou canst, to wretched me ;
Lay aside thy love and pity,
If Thou canst, and let me die.

If I meet with condemnation,
Justly I deserve the same ;
If I meet with free salvation,
I will magnify thy name.

22 *Worthy the Lamb.* 6. 4.

GLORY to God on high,
Let heav'n and earth reply,
Praise ye his name !

Angels his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name !

We, who have felt his blood
 Sealing our peace with God,
 Sound his dear fame abroad ;
 Worthy the Lamb !

Join all the ransom'd race
 Our Lord and God to bless :
 Praise ye his name !

In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise,
 And shout, with heart and voice,
 Worthy the Lamb !

Tho' we must change our place,
 Yet shall we never cease
 Praising his name !

To him we'll tribute bring,
 Hail him our gracious King,
 And, without ceasing, sing,
 Worthy the Lamb !

23 *Grace.* S.M.

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear !
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a way,
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps *that* grace display,
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.

"Twas grace that wrote my name,
 In thy eternal book ;
 "Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb
 Who all my sorrows took.

Grace forc'd my wand'ring feet
 To tread the heav'nly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet
 While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
 And made my eyes o'erflow ;
 'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
 And will not let me go.

Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

O let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine !
 May all my pow'rs to Thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine !

24 For a renewed Heart. 8.

OH Lord, how faithless is my heart,
 How very apt from Thee to stray !
 Just like a broken bow I start,
 And nature strives to bear the sway :
 Was ever one so vile, yet bless'd :
 So foul, yet by the Lord caress'd !

Forbid, my Lord, each vain desire,
 And bind my passions to thy cross :
 Quench all the sparks of nature's fire,
 And bid me count my gain but loss :
 Lord Jesus, tear each Idol down,
 And establish in my heart thy throne !

Grace, grace shall wipe away my tears,
 And speak the tempest to a calm ;
 Shall warm my heart, and charm my fears,
 And prove a never-failing balm ;
 The maladies of sin remove,
 And fill my soul with holy love.

Henceforth I'd serve Thee, if Thou'lt please
 To gird me with a heav'nly pow'r;
 I'd sing the glories of thy grace,
 Till all my pilgrimage be o'er;
 With hallow'd fire inspire my tongue,
 And love shall be my endless song!

25 *Thankfulness for Grace.* 6. 8.

WHAT voice is this I hear,
 A kind salute of grace,
 Which whispers in my ear
 The grateful words of peace?
 Hail, blessed Lord, 'tis thy sweet voice
 Which bids me in thy blood rejoice.

Thou art my chief delight,
 A lovely Friend indeed,
 Most precious in my sight,
 My help in ev'ry need:
 Hereby I'm strengthen'd in the way,
 And thank Thee for this gospel day.

Unworthy as I am,
 And base in my own eyes,
 On my account the Lamb
 Ascends the upper skies;
 Assumes at God's right hand a seat,
 And lets me sit beneath his feet.

My great High Priest is gone
 Into the holy place;
 The curtain is withdrawn,
 Which veil'd his lovely face;
 The passage now is clear and free,
 The veil is rent for happy me.

26 *For a living Faith.* C.M.

IN Thee, O Christ, is all my hope,
 My comfort all in Thee ;
 Whilst here I feel thy mercy nigh,
 I know Thou guardest me.

Me, nor the saints of earth can help,
 Nor angels near thy throne ;
 To Thee I run, thy help to find,
 And trust in Thee alone.

I feel the load of sin so vast,
 It sinks me to the grave ;
 But let thy blood wash out my sins,
 Mine whom Thou cam'st to save.

On me, thy helpless worm, O Lord,
 A living faith bestow ;
 That I thy nature's hidden sweets
 May taste, and see, and know.

Triumphant let me live, by love
 Shed in my heart abroad ;
 And faithfully to Jesus give
 The life which he bestow'd.

27 *Desiring divine Communion.* C. M.

JESUS, the all-restoring word,
 Our fallen spirits' hope,
 After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
 O when shall we wake up ?

Thou, O our God, Thou only art
 The life, the truth, the way ;
 Quicken our souls, instruct our hearts,
 Our sinking footsteps stay.

All that Thou dost on earth bestow,
Of heav'n, vouchsafe to give ;
Give us, O Lord, Thyself to know,
In Thee to walk and live.

Fill us with all the life of love,
In mystic union join
Us to thyself, and let us prove
The fellowship divine.

Open the intercourse between
Our longing souls and Thee,
Never to be broke off again,
Thro' all eternity.

28 *Praise.* S. M.

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
To praise the Savior's name.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r ;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues :
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Christ th' eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear Him say,
Ye blessed children come ;
Soon will He call you hence away,
To take his wand'rers home.

29 *Psalm 100. L.M.*

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth *must* stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

30 *Wrestling Jacob. 7.*

NAY, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

Dost Thou ask me who I am ?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name !
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with Thee.

Thou did'st once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy :
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
Mercy heard and set him free :
Lord, that mercy came to me.

Many years have pass'd since then,
 Many changes I have seen ;
 Yet have been upheld till now ;
 Who could hold me up but Thou ?
 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need,
 This emboldens me to plead ;
 After so much mercy past,
 Canst Thou let me sink at last ?
 No—I must maintain my hold,
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;
 I can no denial take,
 When I plead for Jesu's sake.

31 *Dedication. 7.*

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One ;
 As by the Celestial Host,
 Let thy will on earth be done !
 Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n !
 If so poor a worm as I
 May to thy great glory live,
 All mine actions sanctify,
 All my thoughts and words receive ;
 Claim me for thy service—claim
 All I have, and all I am.
 Take my soul, and body's pow'rs,
 Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,
 All my goods, and all my hours,
 All I know, and all I feel,
 All I think, and speak, and do,
 Take my heart, and make it new !
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One !
 As by the Celestial Host,
 Let thy will on earth be done !
 Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n !

32 *Crucifixion.* 8. 8. 6.

“ ‘TIS finish’d,” the Redeemer said,
 And meekly bow’d his dying head ;
 O wond’rous loving pain !
 Come, sinners, and mark well the word ;
 There view the conquests of our Lerd,
 Complete for helpless man.

Finish’d the righteousness of grace,
 Finish’d the pain that bought our peace,
 The sinner’s debt is paid :
 Accusing law cancell’d by blood,
 And wrath of an offended God
 In sweet oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second claim
 The law no longer can condemn,
 Faith a release can shew :
 Justice itself a friend appears,
 The prison-house a whisper hears,
 “ Loose him, and let him go.”

O unbelief, injurious bar !
 Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply ?
 Where’er thy loud objections fall,
 “ ‘Tis finish’d,” still may answer all,
 And silence ev’ry cry.

33 *Crucifixion.* 8.

O LOVE divine, what hast Thou done ;
 Th’ immortal God hath died for me
 The Father’s co-eternal Son
 Bore all my sins upon the tree :
 Th’ immortal God for me hath die¹¹ !
 My Lord, my love, is crucified !

Sinners, behold, as ye pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace ;
 Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
 And say, was ever grief like his ?
 Come, feel with me his blood applied ;
 My Lord, my love, is crucified !

Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring his people back to God ;
 Believe, believe the record trae,
 His church is purchas'd with his blood :
 Pardon and life flow from his side ;
 My Lord, my love, is crucified !

Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream ;
 All things for him account but dross,
 And give up all our hearts to him ;
 Of nothing speak or think beside ;
 My Lord, my love, is crucified !

34 *Original and actual Sin.* C.M.

LORD, I would spread my sore distress
 And guilt before thine eyes :
 Against thy law, against thy grace,
 How high my crimes arise !

Shouldst thou consign my soul to hell,
 And crush my flesh to dust ;
 Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
 And earth must own it just.

No works nor righteousness of men
 For sin can e'er atone :
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.

Then do not from my soul depart,
 Nor drive me from thy face ;
 Create anew my sinful heart,
 And fill my mouth with praise.

35 *Atonement.* 8. 7.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
 Hail, thou Galilean King,
 Who didst suffer to release us,
 Who didst free salvation bring ;
 Hail, Thou precious, precious Savior,
 Who hast borne our sin and shame ;
 By whose merit we find favor,
 Life is given thro' thy name !

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins were on Thee laid :
 By Almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 Ev'ry sin may be forgiven,
 Thro' the virtue of thy blood !
 Open'd is the gate of heav'n,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide,
 All the heav'ly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side :
 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
 " Spare them yet another year ;"
 Thou for saints art interceding,
 Till in glory they appear.

Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessi
 Christ is worthy to receive,
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give ;
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Jesu's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise ;

36 *Christ's Merits.* 8. 7.

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart.

Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves the heart of stone.

Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from Thee, the Sov'reign Good;
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
All are purchas'd by thy blood.

From thy fulness we receive them;
We have nothing of our own;
Freely Thou delight'st to give them
To the needy, who have none.

Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
How to mourn, and not despair;
Let us, leaning on thy merit,
Wrestle hard with God in pray'r.

Whatsoe'er afflictions seize us,
They shall profit, if not please;
But defend, defend us, Jesus,
From security and ease.

37 *For Assurance.* 8.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
Attest that I am born again:
Come, and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
Let no more doubt or cloud remain:
Give me the sense of sin forgiv'n,
Sweet foretaste of approaching heav'n.

O give th' indisputable seal,
 That ascertains the kingdom mine :
 That powerful stamp I long to feel,
 The signature of love divine :
 O shed it in my heart abroad,
 Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God !

38 *For Christ's Guidance.* 8. 7.

JESUS, lead me by thy power,
 Safe into thy promis'd rest :
 Hide my soul within thy bosom,
 Let me lean upon thy breast ;
 Feed me with thy heav'nly manna,
 Bread that angels eat above ;
 Let me drink from Thee, the fountain,
 Draughts of everlasting love.

Through the desert wild conduct me
 With a glorious pillar bright,
 In the day a cooling comfort,
 And a cheering fire by night ;
 Be my guide in ev'ry peril,
 Watch me hourly night and day,
 Else my foolish heart will wander,
 From thy Spirit far away.

Nothing can preserve my going,
 But salvation full and free ;
 Nothing can my soul dishearten,
 But my absence, Lord, from Thee.
 Nothing can delay my progress,
 Nothing can disturb my rest,
 If I can, whate'er the danger,
 Lean my spirit on thy breast.

In thy presence I am happy,
 In thy presence I'm secure,
 In thy presence all afflictions
 I can easily endure ;
 In thy presence I can conquer,
 I can suffer, I can die ;
 Far from Thee, I faint and languish ;
 O my Savior, keep me nigh !

39 *For Christ's Guidance.* 8.7.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven ! Bread of heaven !
 Feed me now and evermore.

Open now the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliv'rer ! Strong Deliv'rer !
 Be Thou still my strength and shield !

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises, Songs of praises,
 I will ever give to Thee.

Musing on my habitation,
 Musing on my heav'nly home,
 Fills my soul with holy longing,
 Come, my Jesus, quickly come.
 Here vanity is all I see,
 Lord, I long to be with Thee !

40 *Safety in Christ.* 8. 8. 6.

LI GHT of the world, thy beams I bless ;
 On thee, bright Sun of Righteousness
 My faith hath fixed its eye :
 Guided by Thee, thro' all I go,
 Nor fear the rmin spread below,
 For Thou art always nigh.

Ten thousand snares my path beset,
 Yet shall I, Lord, the work comple'e,
 Which Thou to me hast given :
 Superior to the pains I feel,
 Close by the gates of death and hell,
 I urge my way to heav'n.

Still may I strive, and labor still,
 With humble zeal to do thy will,
 And trust in thy defence ;
 My soul into thy hands I give ;
 And, if he can obtain thy leave,
 Let Satan pluck me thence.

41 *The waiting Soul.* C.M.

I WAIT the visits of thy grace,
 My Savior, and my God ;
 O come and shew thy smiling face,
 And wash me in thy blood.

Oh ! whither can I go to get
 A pardon for my sin ?
 But only to my Savior's feet,
 And wait and call on him.

Oh ! that I could but once, by faith,
 Behold him on the tree !
 And see him languish there to death,
 And shed his blood for me !

Oh ! that I might but once be found
 In that blest *Wedding dress*,
 Which in my ears doth often sound
 My Savior's righteousness.

'Tis this alone can give me ease,
 And heal my wounded heart ;
 An int'rest in his righteousness,
 His suff'rings and his smart.

42 *Imputed Righteousness.* L.M.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of earth I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,
 " Jesus hath liv'd, hath died, for me ! "

Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully through Thee absolv'd I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 Savior of sinners, Thee proclaim,
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

This spotless robe the same appears,
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
 No age can change its glorious hue,
 The grace of Christ is ever new.

O let the dead now hear thy voice,
 Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 Jesus the Lord our righteousness.

43 *Backsliding.* C. M.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Savior say,
" Wilt thou forsake me too?"

Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless Thou hold me fast,
I feel, I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

Yet Thou alone, hast pow'r I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from Thee?

The help of men and angels join'd,
Can never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me bless'd,
And satisfy my heart.

What anguish has that question stirr'd,
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy love,
I humbly answer, No.

44 *Jubilee.* 6. 8.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

Extol the Lamb of God,
 The great-atoning Lamb !
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesu's love ;
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive ;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live ;
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

The gospel-trumpet hear,
 The news of heav'nly grace ;
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Savior's face :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return to your eternal home.

45 *Jubilee.* L.M.

CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
 Display thy glorious banner high ;
 The summons send from coast to coast,
 And call a num'rous army nigh.

A solemn jubilee proclaim,
 Proclaim the great sabbatic day ;
 Assert the glories of thy name,
 Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey !

Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
 The peaceful blessings of thy reign :
 And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
 The myst'ry to the heart explain.

Fight for thyself, O Jesus, fight,
 The travail of thy soul regain,
 Before the blind make darkness light,
 And crooked paths do thou make plain.

46 *Unchangeable Love.* C.M.

OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
 E'en when he hides his face !
 He trusts, in our Redeemer's hands,
 His glory and his grace.

Beneath his smiles my heart hath liv'd,
 And part of heav'n possess'd ;
 I thank him for the grace receiv'd,
 And trust him for the rest.

Jesus, my God, I know his name ;
 His name is all my trust :
 He will not put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

But he will own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face ;
 And in the New Jerusalem
 Assign my soul a place.

47 *The God of Abraham.* 6. 8. 4.

THE God of Abr'ham praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above,
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love :
 Jehovah, great I AM !
 By earth and heav'n confess ;
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever bless'd.

The God of Abr'ham praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I rise—and seek the joys
 At his right hand :
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r :
 And Him my only portion make,
 My shield and tow'r.

The God of Abr'ham praise,
 Whose all sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all his ways :
 He calls a worm his friend !
 He calls himself my God !
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesu's blood.

He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall on eagle's wings up-borne,
 To heav'n ascend :
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his pow'r adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

48 *Part the Second.*

THO' nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At his command :
 The wat'ry deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view :
 And thro' the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest ;
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest :
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound ;
 And trees of life for ever grow
 With mercy crown'd.

There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace :
 On Sion's sacred height
 His kingdom still maintains ;
 And glorious with his saints in light,
 For ever reigns.

He keeps his own secure,
 He guards them by his side,
 Arrays in garments, white and pure,
 His spotless bride :
 With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys,
 With all the fruits of Paradise,
 He still supplies.

Before the great THREE ONE
 They all exulting stand ;
 And tell the wonders he hath done,
 Thro' all their land.
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame,
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wondrous name.

49 *Part the Third.*

THE God who reigns on high,
 The great archangels sing,
 And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
 Almighty King!
 "Who was, and is, the same;
 "And evermore shall be;
 "Jehovah—Father—Great I AM!
 "We worship Thee."

Before the Savior's face
 The ransom'd nations bow;
 O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty grace,
 For ever new:
 He shews his prints of love;
 They kindle to a flame!
 And sound, thro' all the worlds above
 The slaughter'd Lamb.

The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high;
 "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
 They ever cry:
 Hail, Abr'ham's God and mine,
 I join the heav'nly lays;
 All might and majesty are Thine,
 And endless praise.

50 *Waiting Faith.* C.M.

THE saints should never be dismay'd
 Nor sink in hopeless fear;
 For when they least expect his aid,
 The Savior will appear.

Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine
Are taught us in his word!
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

Wait for his seasonable aid,
And tho' it tarry, wait;
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

51 *Mercy.* 11s.

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
tongue:

Thy free grace alone from the first to the last,
Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

Without thy sweet mercy, I could not live here;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair:
But, through thy free goodness, my spirits re-
vive,

And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.

Whene'er I mistake, thy kind mercy begins
To melt me, and then I can mourn for my sins;
And, led by thy spirit to Jesus's blood,
My sorrows are dried, and my strength is re-
new'd.

Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolv'd by thy sun-shine, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

Thy mercy is endless, most tender, and free;
No sinner need doubt, since 'tis given to me:
No merit will buy it, nor fears stop its course;
Good works are the fruits of its freeness and
force.

Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;
 Of mercy I'll sing, of thy mercy I'll tell :
 'Twas Jesus my friend, when he hung on
 the tree,
 That open'd the channel of mercy for me.
 Great Father of mercies thy goodness I own,
 And covenant-love of thy crucified Son :
 All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper di-
 vine,
 Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteous-
 ness, mine..

52 Affliction. 104th.

MY Jesus, my hope,
 When will he appear
 A soul to lift up
 That waits for him here
 In much tribulation,
 In trouble's excess,
 In height of temptation,
 And depth of distress ?

O when shall I see
 An end of my pain ;
 And triumph in Thee,
 My Savior, again ?
 Lord, hasten the hour,
 Thy kingdom bring in,
 And give me thy power,
 And save me from sin.

O Jesus, thou know'st
 My sorrowful load ;
 And seest that I trust
 Thy merits and blood ;
 Thou wilt have compassion,
 My burthen remove ;
 Thy name is salvation,
 Thy nature is love.

Thy nature and name
 My portion shall be,
 Who humbly lay claim
 To all things in Thee :
 The days of my mourning
 And painful distress,
 Shall, at thy returning,
 Eternally cease. ,

53 *Hardness of Heart.* L.M.

JESUS, thou lovely bleeding lamb,
 To Thee I pour out my complaint,
 I will not hide from thee my shame,
 I own, and blush to own my want

If yet Thou canst compassion have,
 If grace doth more than sin abound,
 In me exert thy pow'r to save,
 And let me in thy rest be found.

Lay to thine hand, Almighty love ;
 The work, O God, is worthy Thee,
 Such sad destruction to remove,
 And save a soul so vile as me.

Not without hope, for Thee I mourn ;
 I feel in part thy love to me ;
 Thy love my flinty heart shall turn,
 And get itself the victory.

Thou lov'dst, before the world began,
 This poor, unloving soul of mine ;
 Jesus came down, my God was man,
 That I might in his image shine.

My anchor this, which cannot move,
 The servant as his Lord shall be ;
 And I shall live my God to love,
 And die in him who died for me.

54 *Imputed Righteousness.* C.M.

FAIR as the moon my robes appear,
While graces are my dress ;
Clear as the sun, while found to wear
My Savior's righteousness.

My moon-like graces, changing much,
Are soil'd with many a spot ;
My sun-like glory is not such ;
My Savior changes not.

In him array'd, my robes of light
The morning rays outshine ;
The stars of heaven are not so bright,
Nor angels half so fine.

Tho' hellish smoke my duties stain,
And sin deform me quite,
The blood of Jesus makes me clean,
And his obedience white.

Then let the law in rigor stand,
And for perfection call,
My Lord discharg'd the whole demand,
My surety paid it all.

Let ev'ry high self-righteous thought
Be utterly cast down ;
Free-grace alone the work hath wrought,
And grace shall wear the crown.

Oh may I practically shew
My int'rest in that grace !
Be all I am, and have, and do,
Devoted to thy praise !

55 *Head of the Church.* P.M.

HEAD of the church triumphant !
We joyfully adore Thee !
Till Thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.

We lift our hearts and voices
 With blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud, and give to God
 The praise of our salvation.

While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise, which tries our ways,
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We clap our hands, exulting
 In thine Almighty favor ;
 The love divine which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation,
 Nor will we fear whilst Thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation.
 The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes ;
 By Thee we shall break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

By faith we see the glory,
 To which Thou wilt restore us ;
 The world despise for that high prize,
 Which Thou hast set before us.
 And if Thou count us worthy,
 We each as dying Stephen,
 Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

56 *The waiting Soul.* L.M.

WHAT can a sinner do like me,
 When struck by an Almighty pow'r,
 And sunk in deepest misery ?
 Nothing but wait at mercy's door.

[What eye can see, what heart can love,
What hand relieve my misery ?
None but the Savior's from above,
Who for my sins did bleed and die.]

Surely in mercy he'll pass by,
And view a wretched slave of sin ;
Pity will move him to come nigh,
And wash a filthy creature clean.

In mercy, Lord, thy creature see,
And condescend my shame to hide ;
O speak the word, and I shall be
Cloth'd with thy robe and justified.

Then shall my happy soul enjoy
A lasting peace in Thee, my God ;
Then my whole business and employ
Shall be to speak of Jesu's blood.

57 *Lord's Day.* L.M.

THANKS to thy name, O Lord, that we
One glorious sabbath more behold ;
Dear Shepherd, let us meet with Thee
Among thy sheep in this thy fold.

Now, Lord, among thy tribes appear,
And let thy presence fill the throng ;
Thine awful voice let sinners hear,
And bid the feeble heart be strong.

Gather the lambs into thine arms,
And satisfy their ev'ry want,
And those with young defend from harms
And gently lead them lest they faint.

Put forth thy shepherd's crook and stay
Thy wand'ring sheep, and bring them back ;
Oh ! bring the wand'ring home to-day,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.

Let ev'ry soul before Thee here,
 Thro' Thee the door now enter in,
 Find pasture with our Savior dear,
 Sav'd from the guilt and pow'r of sin.

Dear, tender hearted shepherd, look,
 And let our wants thy bowels move ;
 And kindly lead thy little flock,
 To the sweet pastures of thy love.

There sweetly feed our hungry souls
 In flow'ry fields, near the sweet stream,
 Where living water gently rolls
 Towards the new Jerusalem.

58 *Holy Desires.* 6.7.8.

NOTHING in this world I want,
 No treasure here beneath ;
 Only, Lord, for Thee I pant,
 For Thee alone I breathe :
 Wipe away my nature's sin,
 Thy image to my breast restore ;
 Thou alone canst make me clean,
 And bid me sin no more.

Thou invitest me to come
 To share thy people's rest ;
 Poor in spirit, I presume
 To press unto the feast.
 Saving faith to me impart,
 And clothe me with thy righteousness ;
 In the fountain dip my heart,
 And sign my glad release.

Fill me with thy perfect love,
 And answer each complaint ;
 Unbelieving thoughts remove,
 And banish all my want.

Lord, enable me, by grace,
My ev'ry weight to lay aside ;
Patiently to run my race,
Till Thou dost take thy bride.

59 *Perseverance.* 11s.

STAND fast in the gospel, 'tis Christ makes
you free ;
Close join'd unto Jesus may ev'ry heart be :
The point for the happy eternity's now ;
We reap at the last as in time we do sow.

All those of the gen'ral assembly above ;
Who now as the seraphs are flaming in love,
Were once in distress in this valley of tears,
And came to their bliss thro' abundance of
fears.

Through patience and faith after them let
us press,
And trace from their footsteps the highway
of Grace ;
'Tis now called day, but the night will soon
come, [home.]
When labor must cease, and the lab'lers go

60 *Divine Love.* 7. 6.

O LOVE, come, sweetly bind me,
And keep me near thy side ;
And evermore remind me,
That Thou for me hast died.
I wish to hear thy Spirit,
Of that for ever preach,
That thy love, blood, and merit,
May me obedience teach.

I know that my salvation,
Is certain through thy love,
And Oh ! on each occasion
May I most faithful prove !

What's past Thou hast forgiven,
Shall I forgive it too ?
And forward run to heaven,
With only Thee in view.

I feel Thou'l not forsake me,
Though I am fill'd with shame,
Then from this moment take me,
Poor sinner as I am.
Oh love thus freely given,
My helpless heart to cheer !
Be this my only heaven,
My Jesus to dwell near !

61 *Crucifixion.* 8s.

TIS done ! th' atoning work is done !
Jesus, the world's Redeemer, dies !
All nature feels th' important groan
Loud-echoing thro' earth and skies ;
The earth doth to her centre quake,
And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black !

The temple's veil is rent in twain,
While Jesus meekly bows his head ;
The rocks resent his mortal pain,
The yawning graves give up their dead
The bodies of the saints arise,
Reviving as their Savior dies.

And shall not we his death partake,
In sympathetic anguish groan ;
O Savior ! let thy passion shake
Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone
To second life our souls restore,
And wake us that we sleep no more.

62 *Joy of Faith. P.M.*

HOW happy are we,
 Our election who see,
 And can venture our souls on thy gracious
 In Jesus approv'd, [decree !
 From eternity lov'd ;
 And held in his hand, whence we cannot
 be mov'd !

'Tis sweet to recline
 On the bosom divine,
 And experience the comforts peculiar to
 While borne from above, [thine ;
 And upheld by thy love,
 We with singing and triumph to Sion 15.
 move.

As doves we have prest
 To the ark of thy breast,
 That harbor of safety, that centre of rest ;
 Thou hast taken us in,
 Thou hast cancel'd our sin,
 And sown the sure seed of salvation within.

Our seeking thy face
 Was the fruit of thy grace ;
 Thy goodness deserves, and shall have all
 No sinner can be, [the praise :
 Beforehand with thee ;
 Thy grace is preventing, almighty and free.

Effectually drawn,
 We came to thy Son ;
 And Thou'lt perfect the work, for the work
 Thy breath from above, [was thy own :
 The spark shall improve !
 No floods can extinguish our dawning of
 love.

63 *Part Second.*

OUR Savior and friend
 His love shall extend ;
 It knew no beginning, and never shall end
 Whom once he receives,
 His Spirit ne'er leaves ;
 Nor revokes, nor repents of the grace that
 he gives.

Through mercy we taste
 The invisible feast,
 The bread of the kingdom, the wine of the
 Who grants us to know [blest :
 His drawings below,
 Will endless salvation and glory bestow.

This proof we can give,
 That Thee we receive,
 Thou art preciogs alone to the sonls that
 Thou art precious to us ; [believe ,
 All beside is as dross,
 When compar'd with thy love, and the
 blood of thy Cross.

64 *Part Third.*

ORD, one thing we want,
 More holiness grant :
 For more of thy mind and thy likeness we
 Thine image impress [pant
 On thy favorite race ;
 Oh ! fashion and polish thy vessels of gracc.

Thy workmanship we
 More plainly would be :
 Lord, take us in hand, and conform us to
 Thy impression to bear, [thee.
 Thy likeness to wear,
 Be this our ambition, our study, and pray'r

Thou hast made it our will
 To resemble Thee still ;
 Turn our hearts to thy Spirit, as clay to
 While onward we move [the seal.
 To thy Canaan above,
 Make us holy and humble before Thee in
 love.

All this shall be done,
 'Tis already begun !
 Thou, from conqu'ring to conquer, in us
 In us, when we die, [wilt go on :
 Thy grace from on high,
 Will the finishing hand to thine image apply.

We shall still be renew'd,
 Till thy Spirit and blood
 Have ripen'd us quite for the vision of God :
 When that moment is come,
 Thou wilt send for us home,
 And thy perfected saints to thy glory as-
 sume.

On Immanuel's land
 We shortly shall stand,
 With crowns on our heads, and with harps
 in our hand :
 His harp, lo, each tunes !
 Lo, we cast down our crowns !
 And with songs of salvation, heav'n's con-
 cave resounds !

65 *For Christ's Presence.* 10. 5.

O JESUS ! my God ! come make thine
 Within my poor heart ; [abode
 O Jesus ! come quickly ; a Savior thou art ;
 Salvation I need ; I want to be freed
 From all my distress,
 And feel in my heart the rich blessings of
 peace.

I thirst to be thine, to feel Thee within,
 Diffusing abroad [God.
 Thy love, that my heart may ascend unto
 This Lord, Thou canst do, and give me to
 know
 My sins are forgiv'n,
 My treasure laid up in the kingdom of
 heaven.

Take me as I am, Thy property claim ;
 My nature refine,
 And form my affections and temper divine.
 No more would I breathe for objects be-
 neath ;
 But live to thy praise, .
 Advancing in knowledge, and growing in
 grace.

66 *Free and sovereign Mercy.* 7. 6.

O LORD, how great's the favour
 That we, such sinners poor,
 Can, through thy death's sweet savour,
 Approach thy mercy's door,
 And find an open passage
 Unto the throne of grace ;
 There wait the welcome message,
 Which bids us go in peace !

Lord, we are helpless creatures,
 Full of the deepest need,
 Throughout defil'd by nature,
 Stupid and inly dead ;
 Our strength is perfect weakness,
 And all we have is sin ;
 Our hearts are all uncleanness,
 A den of thieves within.

In this forlorn condition,
 Who shall afford us aid ?
 Where shall we find compassion,
 But in the church's head ?
 Jesus, Thou art all pity,
 Oh ! take us to thine arms,
 And exercise thy mercy,
 To save us from all harms.

[We'll never cease repeating
 Our numberless complaints ;
 But ever be intreating
 The glorious King of saints,
 'Till we attain the image
 Of him we only love,
 And pay our grateful homage,
 With all the saints above.]

Then we, with all in glory,
 Shall thankfully relate
 Th' amazing, pleasing story
 Of Jesu's love so great :
 In this blest contemplation
 We shall for ever dwell,
 And prove such consolation,
 As none below can tell.

67 *Crucifixion. L.M.*

TIS finish'd !—The Messiah dies ;
 Cut off for sins, but not his own !
 Accomplish'd is the sacrifice,
 The great redeeming work is done :

Finish'd the first transgression is,
 And purg'd the guilt of actual sin ;
 And everlasting righteousness
 Is brought, for all his people, in

'Tis finish'd, all my guilt and pain ;
 I want no sacrifice beside :
 For me, for me the Lamb is slain,
 And I'm for ever justified.

Sin, death, and hell are now subdu'd ;
 All grace is now to sinners giv'n ;
 And, lo ! I plead th' atoning blood
 For pardon, holiness, and heav'n.

68 *Coming to Christ.* C.M.

JESUS, each blind and trembling soul,
 Let thy soft voice persuade,
 In all distress to come to Thee ;
 We need not be afraid.

Is sin our grief ? whatever sin,
 No difference it makes :
 'Tis all forgiven thro' that blood
 Thou sheddest for our sakes.

Is unbelief the sin we feel ?
 Above all sin accurst :
 Yet when Thou sufferedst for sin,
 Thou didst include the worst.

Have we, which bitter is indeed,
 Forsook thy love when known ?
 Yet Thou a gentle master art,
 Nor wilt the weak disown.

Are we o'erwhelm'd with thought and care,
 Hath sorrow seiz'd our breast ?
 Tho' 'tis a shame it should be so,
 Yet Thou wilt give us rest.

Are we uncertain what's the case,
 But feel we are not right ?
 Our hearts before Thee we must lay,
 Be children in thy sight.

69 *Christ's Presence in Death.* C.M.

DEATH cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there :
Soft is the passage through the shade,
And all the prospect fair.

Jesus the vision of thy face
Hath over-pow'ring charms :
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs :
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
The heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

O could I make my fears remove,
Those gloomy fears that rise ;
And see the Canaan, which I love,
With unclouded eyes ;

Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget to breathe,
And lose my life amidst the charms
Of so divine a death.

70 *Christ the best Friend.* 8. 7.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love !

Which of all our friends to save us,
 Could or would have shed their blood ?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconcil'd in him to God :
 This was boundless love indeed !
 Jesus is a friend in need.

When he liv'd on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name :
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same :
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.

Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
 We, alas ! forget too often,
 What a friend we have above ;
 But when home our souls are brought
 We will love Thee as we ought.

71 *Christ All in All.* L.M.

IN Christ my treasure's all contain'd ;
 By Him my feeble soul's sustain'd ;
 From Him I all things do receive,
 Through Him my soul does daily live.

With Him I daily love to walk,
 Of Him my soul delights to talk ;
 On Him I cast my ev'ry care ;
 Like Him one day I shall appear.

Bless Him, my soul, from day to day ;
 Trust Him to bring thee on thy way :
 Give Him thy poor, weak, sinful heart ;
 With Him, O never, never part.

Take him for strength and righteousness,
Make Him thy refuge in distress ;
Love him above all earthly joy,
And Him in every thing employ.

Praise Him in cheerful, grateful songs,
To him your highest praise belongs ;
To him who does your heav'n prepare,
And Him you'll praise for ever there.

72 *God's Covenant.* C. M.

MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure !
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

What though my house be not with Thee,
As nature could desire ;
To nobler joys than nature gives
Thy servant shall aspire.

My cares, I cast them all on Thee,
Take them, dear Lord, Thou must
Well may I leave my all with him,
With whom my soul I trust.

I welcome all thy *sov'reign* will,
For all that will is love ;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom
Shall heav'nly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

73 *For Perseverance.* 8. 8. 6.

LORD, make me faithful to thy call,
In heart still truly give up all,
Myself to Thee resign :
When dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
Never thy will decline,

My feet with holy oil anoint ;
The destin'd path Thou dost appoint,
Gladly I then will tread ;
Bedew me with a genial show'r,
Into my heart thine influence pour,
With living manna feed.

A single eye, a faithful heart,
My Jesus, to thy child impart,
In ev'ry trying hour :
Reas'ning's tormenting thoughts prevent,
Still keep my eyes on Thee intent,
Till sight my faith o'erpow'r.

74 *The Second Advent.* 8. 7. 4.

LO ! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain !
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train,
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah ! Amen.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierce'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;
 All who hate him, must confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day,
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away !

Now redemption, long expected,
 See ! in solemn pomp appear !
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air :
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !

Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom,
 The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home ;
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.

75 *The second Advent.* 8. 7. 8.

HE comes ! He comes ! the Savior dear,
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near :
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
 He's welcome to the faithful soul ;
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome to the faithful soul.

From heav'n angelic voices sound,
 See the Almighty Jesus crown'd !
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Savior's face ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory decks the Savior's face.

Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord !

Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant Lord !

Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High :
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns :

Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever, and for ever reigns.

The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore :
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome Thee, great THREE IN ONE !

Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome Thee, great THREE IN ONE !

76 *For the Spread of the Gospel.* 8. 7. 4.

O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look my soul, be still, and gaze ;
All the promises do travail
On a glorious day of grace,
Blessed jub'lee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary ;
Let the gospel
Word resound from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Let them have the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.

May the glorious day approaching,
 From the darkness quickly dawn,
 And the everlasting gospel
 Spread abroad thy holy name ;
 To the borders
 Of the great Immanuel's land.

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase ;
 May thy sceptre
 Sway th' enlighten'd world around.

77 *Praise to Christ.* 7s.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless,
 Jesus Christ, our joy and peace :
 Let our praise to him be giv'n,
 Hig' at God's right hand in heav'n !

Master, see, to Thee we bow ;
 Thou art Lord, and only Thou,
 Thou, the blessed Virgin's seed,
 Glory of thy church and head.

Thee, the angels ceaseless sing,
 Thee, we praise our Priest and King ;
 Worthy is thy name of praise,
 Full of glory, full of grace !

Thou hast the glad tidings brought,
Of salvation by Thee wrought !
Wrought for all thy church ; and we
Worship in their company.

We, thy little flock adore
Thee, the Lord, for evermore :
Ever with us shew thy love,
Till we join with those above.

78 *For Faith in Christ.* C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is,
Our sin how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sov'reign grace,
Sounds from God's sacred word ;
Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty call,
And run to this relief ;
We would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help our unbelief.

To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly ;
There may we wash our spotted souls
From crimes of deepest dye.

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
Our reigning sins subdue ;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his infernal crew.

Poor guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
Into thy hands we fall ;
Be Thou our strength and righteousness,
Our Jesus and our all.

79 *The good Physician.* C. M.

HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch,
Deep wounded souls to Thee repair;
And, Savior, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord.

Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe, (with tears he cried,)
"O help my unbelief!"

She too, who touch'd Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Conceal'd amid the gath'ring throng,
She would have shunn'd thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears, we come,
To touch Thee if we may;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

80 *Following Christ.* L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and sin ;
No lion, no devouring care,
No sin, nor sorrow shall be there.

No, nothing may go up thereon
But trav'ling souls, and I am one ;
Wayfaring men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.

This is the way I long had sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long had been,
Opprest with unbelief and sin.

The more I strove against their pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Savior say,
" Come hither, soul, I am the way."

Lo ! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Shall take me to Thee as I am :
Nothing but sin I Thee can give ;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, " Behold the way to God ! "

81 *Love divine.* 8. 7.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down !
Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion ;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast :
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest !
 Take away the love of sinning ;
 Alpha and Omega be ;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive.
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave ;
 Thee we would be always blessing ;
 Serve Thee, as thy hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing ;
 Glory in thy dying love.

Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation,
 Perfectly secur'd by Thee :
 Change from glory unto glory,
 'Till in heav'n we take our place ;
 'Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

82 *The Bridegroom's Coming.* 6. 8.

YE virgin souls, arise,
 With all the dead awake ;
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take :
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold your heav'nly Bridegroom nigh.

He comes, he comes to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And take to glory all
 Who meet for glory are :
 Make ready for your free reward ;
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

Go, meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting friend ;
 Your Head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend :
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see, without a veil, his face.

Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound ;
 To see our Lord appear,
 Watching may we be found.
 With that blest wedding-robe indu'd,
 The spotless righteousness of God.

83 *Surrender of Heart.* C.M.

TAKE my poor heart just as it is,
 Set up therein thy throne ;
 So shall I love Thee above all,
 And live to Thee alone.

Complete thy work, and crown thy grace
 That I may faithful prove !
 And listen to that small still voice,
 Which only whispers love ;

Which teaches me what is thy will,
 And tells me what to do ;
 Which covers me with shame, when I
 Do not thy will pursue.

This unction may I ever feel,
 This teaching from my Lord,
 And learn obedience to thy voice,
 Thy soul-reviving word.

84 *Happiness in Christ.* C.M.

O DEAREST Lord, take Thou my heart ;
 Where can such sweetness be,
 As I have tasted in thy love,
 As I have found in Thee ?

If zeal, with knowledge in my heart,
 Thy loving grace doth give ;
 Safe in the bush, unhurt, the whole
 Will unconsumed live.

If love, that mildest flame, can rest
 In hearts so cold as mine,
 Come, blesed Savior, to my breast,
 And all its love be Thine.

My Lord hath seiz'd me with sweet force,
 His prize and purchase just :
 This soul of mine was never made
 For vanity and dust.

O 'tis in vain to seek for bliss,
 For bliss can ne'er be found,
 Till we arrive where Jesus is,
 And tread on heav'nly ground.

'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his love,
 To feel his quick'ning grace :
 And the blest heav'n, I hope above,
 Is there to see his face.

85 *For Grace.* C. M.

GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those
Who feel they sinners are !
Sunk and distrest, they taste and know
Their heaven is only there.

Thus grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come, who will ;
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.

[All we, who now are his, were first,
Deeply convinc'd of sin ;
Each felt the plague of his own heart,
The leprosy within :

Then life and righteousness divine,
Thro' faith, to us were giv'n ;
Thus we a happy people are,
Coheirs with Christ of heav'n.]

Now, dearest Lord ! we inly pray,
That, in thy service we
May active, holy, faithful prove,
Deriving strength from Thee.

O let us still in Thee abide,
For babes we are most weak :
Poor sinners still, who without Thee,
Can nought think, act, or speak.

We thirst, O Lord ; give us, this day,
To taste more of this grace ;
More of that stream which from the rock
Flow'd through the wilderness.

'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor ;
And, O ! that nothing else but grace
May rule for evermore :

86 *Looking to the Deliverer.* 8.7.

GOD of mercy, and compassion,
Look with pity on my pain ;
Hear a mournful broken spirit,
Prostrate at thy feet complain ;
Many are my foes, and mighty,
Strength to conquer I have none ;
Nothing can uphold my goings,
But thy blessed Self alone.

Savior, look on thy beloved ;
Triumph over all my foes ;
Turn to heav'nly joy my mourning ;
Turn to gladness all my woes ;
Live, or die, or work, or suffer,
Let my weary soul abide,
In all changes whatsoever,
Sure and stedfast by thy side.

When temptations fierce assault me,
When my enemies I find,
Sin and guilt, and death and satan,
All against my soul combin'd ;
Hold me up in mighty waters,
Keep my eyes on things above,
Righteousness, divine atonement,
Peace, and everlasting love.

87 *Crucifixion.* L. M.

FLOW fast, my tears ; the cause is great ;
This tribute claims an injur'd friend :
One, whom I long pursued with hate,
And yet He lov'd me to the end.
When death his terrors round me spread,
And aim'd his arrows at my head,
Christ interpos'd, the wound He bore,
And bade the monster, dare no more.

Fast flow, my tears, yet faster flow,
 Stream copious as yon purple tide,
 'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
 I urg'd the hand that pierc'd his side ;
 Keen pangs, and agonizing smart
 Oppress his soul, and rend his heart ;
 While justice, arm'd with pow'r divine,
 Pours on his head what's due to mine.

Fast, and yet faster flow, my tears,
 Love breaks the heart, and drains the eyes ;
 His visage marr'd, tow'rds heav'n He rears,
 And, pleading for his murd'rers, dies !
 My grief, nor measure knows, nor end,
 'Till He appears, the sinner's friend !
 And gives me in a happy hour,
 To feel the risen Savior's pow'r.

88 *Tribulation.* S. M.

THE favor'd saints of God,
 His Messengers, and Seers,
 The narrow path of suff'rings trod,
 And walk'd this vale of tears :

Through sore afflictions past
 To better worlds above ;
 And more than conquer'd all at last,
 Through our Redeemer's love.

Suff'rers, like them, beneath,
 Through much distress and pain,
 Through various toils of sin and death,
 We come with them to reign.

Jesus, our glorious King,
 Shall wipe our tears away,
 And call us up, his praise to sing,
 In everlasting day.

The joys inefable
That from thy presence flow ;
The fulness, here, we cannot tell,
But, Lord, we die to know.

89 *For Christ's Presence.* 7s.

DEAREST Jesus, come to me,
And abide eternally ;
Worthy friend of sinners, come,
Fill and make my heart thy home.

Oftentimes for Thee I sigh,
Nothing else can give me joy :
This is still my cry to Thee,
Dearest Jesus, come to me.

Could I clearly see above,
What thy saints possess in love ;
All would be but misery,
Except Jesus was with me.

Son of God, my dearest Lord,
All my crown and my reward :
Thou who freely died'st for me,
Shalt alone my bridegroom be.

90 *Preserving Grace.* L. M.

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

To God I cried, when troubles rose :
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes :
My rising fears he did control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand :
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows, and from sins ;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

91 *Unchangeable Love.* L.M.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I shou'd ever be
So prone to act so base a part,
To harbour one hard thought of Thee.

O let me then at length be taught,
What still I am so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat ;
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But Oh ! my Lord, one look from Thee,
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as willing to forgive,
As I am ready to repine ;
Thou therefore all the praise receive,
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

92 *Absence from God.* C.M.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble cry ;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye :

See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn!
Thyself hast bid me seek thy face;
Thyself hast said, Return.

And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Thy word of promise cannot fail,
My tow'r of safe retreat.

Absent from Thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy Spirit's voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

93 *Parting. C.M.*

BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.

Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go:
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do his work below.

O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem.
But Jesus crucified.

Closer, and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace:
Out of his fulness still receive,
And plenteous grace for grace.

But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
When vanquish'd death shall shrink away,
And bodies part no more.

94 *Thanksgiving.* 104th.

O WHAT shall I do, my Savior to praise ;
So faithful and true, so plenteous in
grace ;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon him ;
How happy the man whose heart is set free ;
The people that can be joyful in Thee ;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face ;
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall as their right thy righteousness
claim, [thy blood,
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
For thou art their boast, their glory and
pow'r,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.
Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known ;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

95 *Appropriation.* C. M.

A FORM of words, tho' e'er so sound,
Can never save a soul ;
The Holy Ghost must give the wound,
And make the wounded whole.

Election is a precious truth ;
 But, Lord, I wish to be
 Assur'd, by thine own Spirit's mouth,
 That Thou hast chosen *me*.

Sinners, I read, are justified
 By faith in Jesu's blood :
 But when to *me* that blood's applied,
 'Tis then I've peace with God.

Imputed righteousness I own
 A doctrine most divine :
 Dear Savior, to my heart make known,
 That all thy merit's *mine*.

To perseverance I agree ;
 No sun-beam is so clear :
 Because my Lord has promis'd me,
 That I shall persevere.

Thus christians glorify the Lord,
 His spirit joins with ours,
 In bearing witness to the word,
 With all its saving powers.

96 *Praise to Christ.* 6. 7. 8.

COME, my Father's family,
 Ye ransom'd of the Lord ;
 Come, ye sinners, who with me,
 Are ev'ry where abhor'd ;
 Let us gladly trace his steps
 Who suffer'd death among the Jews ;
 Who the friendless soul accepts
 Whom all beside refuse.

Jesus, the despis'd and mean,
 Our Master let us own ;
 He the sacrifice for sin,
 The Savior. He alone.

Let us take and bear his cross,
Despis'd disciples let us be ;
Mock'd and slighted as he was,
For you, my friends, and me.

None but Jesus will we sing,
None else will we adore ;
He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Shall be for evermore.
None among the heav'nly pow'rs
Nor one on earth our praise may claim ;
None but Jesus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb !

97 *Psalm 113. verse 3. L.M.*

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise !
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more !

98 *Believers' Blessedness. L.M.*

HOW blest are they whose feet have found
The way unto Immanuel's ground ;
And stedfast walk the blissful road,
Far from the paths by sinners trod.

Their weary spirits sweetly rest,
Contentedly on Jesu's breast ;
They so much of his mercy prove,
As wins their grateful souls to love.

His spirit shews their sins forgiv'n,
And seals them for the heirs of heav'n ;
And gives them patience here to wait,
Till Jesus them to bliss translate.

He arms them for the evil day,
 That they in heart with him may stay,
 He girds them with his mighty power,
 And brings them through the trying hour.

Then rest, my soul, upon the Lord,
 Ev'n Jesus Christ the living word,
 And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,
 Till it break out in endless day.

99 *Temptation.* C. M.

JESUS, Redeemer, Savior, Lord,
 The weary sinner's friend ;
 Come to my help, pronounce the word,
 And bid my troubles end.

Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,
 And life and liberty :
 Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
 And Jesus prove to me.

Thy pow'rful Spirit can subdue
 Unconquerable sin :
 Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new
 And write thy law within.

While full of anguish and disease,
 My weak, distemper'd soul,
 Thy love compassionately sees,
 O let it make me whole !

To thy great name if all things now
 A trembling homage pay,
 Make my obdurate spirit bow,
 My stiff-neck'd will obey.

Sworn to destroy, let earth assail ;
 Nearer to save, Thou art :
 Stronger than all the pow'rs of hell,
 And greater than my heart.

100. *Christ our Sacrifice.* 10.11.

ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh
To you is it nothing that Jesus should
die ?

Our ransom and peace, our surety he is ;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.
The Lord in the day of his anger did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them
away.

He dies to atone for sins not his own :
The father hath punish'd for us his dear Son.

O may we embrace the ransoming grace
Of him who hath suffer'd and died in our
place.

With joy we approve, the design of his love ;
'Tis a wonder below, and a wonder above.

He came from above our curse to remove ;
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he
would love.

When time is no more, we still shall adore
That Ocean of love without bottom or shore.

101. *Second Part.*

LOVE mov'd him to die, and on this we
rely.

Our Jesus hath lov'd us, we cannot tell why.
But this we can tell, he hath lov'd us so well,
As to lay down his life, to redeem us from
hell.

For you, and for me, he pray'd on the tree ;
The pray'r is accepted, the sinner is free.

That sinner am I, who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God will not deny.

My pardon I claim, for a sinner I am ;
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

He purchas'd the grace, which now I embrace ;

O Father, thou know'st he hath died in my place.

His death is my plea, my advocate see,
And hear the blood speak which hath answer'd for me.

My ransom and peace, my surety he is ;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

102 *The good Physician.*

HEAL me, O my soul's physician,
Whenso'er I'm sick or sad ;
All the woes of my condition
By thy balsam be allay'd :
All the ills which Adam wrought,
Or that on myself I've brought ;
If thy blood shall only cover,
My distress will soon be over.

Thy dear feet I'll clasp tenacious,
Nor will c'er be dispossess'd ;
On thy suppliant look gracious,
Grant the wishes of my breast.
Monarch of the cross so mild,
Say, " Thy prayer is now fulfill'd ;
" All thy grief to joy is changed ;
" I have all thy sins expunged."

103 *The good Shepherd.* C.M.

COMPANIONS of thy little flock,
Dear Lord, we fain would be ;
Our helpless hearts to Thee look up,
To Thee our Shepherd flee.

O might we lean upon that breast,
Which love and pity fill !
And now become those lambs carest,
That in thy bosom dwell.

How sweet that voice, how sweet that hand
Which leads to pastures fair ;
Shews Canaan's milk and honey land,
Lot of thy flock so dear.

As one in heart, we all rejoice,
The sinner's friend to praise ;
The Shepherd died, Oh, 'tis his voice !
He'll us to glory raise.

104 *Invitation.* 6. 7. 8.

SINNER, hear the Savior's call,
He now is passing by ;
He has seen thy grievous fall,
And heard thy mournful cry.
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears :
See the love that fills his heart !
And wipes away thy tears.

Why art thou afraid to come
And tell him all thy case ?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face :
Wilt thou fear Immanuel ?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood ?

Think, how on the cross he hung,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds !
Hark, from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds !

See, from all his bursting veins,
Blood of wond'rous virtue flow !
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

Raise thy downcast eyes and see
What throngs his throne surround ;
These, tho' sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found :
Yield not then to unbelief
While he says, " There yet is room ; "
Tho' of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee,—come.

105 *The Deliverer.* 8.7.4.

HARK ! the voice of my beloved,
Lo he comes in greatest need,
Leaping on the lofty mountains,
Skipping over hills with speed,
To deliver
Me unworthy from all woe.

In a dungeon deep, he found me,
Without water, without light,
Bound in chains of horrid darkness,
Gloomy, thick, Egyptian night ;
He recover'd,
Thence my soul with price immense.

O ! for this let men and angels,
All the heav'nly host above,
Choirs of seraphims elected,
With their golden harps of love,
Praise and worship,
My Redeemer without end.

Let believers raise their anthems,
All degrees in one accord,

Mixt with angels, and archangels,
Chant their dear redeeming Lord ;
Love thus humbled,
Suff'ring to redeem the lost.

106 *Lovest thou Christ?* 7s.

HARK ! my soul ! it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ;
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember Thee.

Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st Thou me ?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee and adore,
O for grace to love thee more !

107 *Desiring to love Christ.* 7s.

TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?

If I love, why am I thus ?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name !

Could my heart so hard remain,
 Pray'r a task and burden prove ;
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Savior's love ?

When I turu my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child ?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me, Is it thus with you ?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all ?

Could I joy his saints to meet,
 Choose the ways I once abhor'd,
 Find, at times, the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord ?

Lord, decide the doubtful case ;
 Thou who art thy people's sun ;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.

Let me love Thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray ;
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin to day.

108 *Before Sermon.* 8. 7. 4.

WELCOME, welcome, blessed servant,
Messenger of Jesu's grace !
(O how beautiful the feet of
Them who bring good news of peace !)
Faithful Herald !
Sound the gospel Trumpet loud.

Savior, bless the message to us,
Give us hearts to hear the sound
Of redemption, dearly purchas'd
By thy death and precious wounds ;
O reveal it !
To our poor and helpless souls !

Gracious Lord, give grace and glory
To thy faithful lab'rer dear,
Let the incense of our hearts be
Offer'd up in faith and pray'r.
Bless, O bless him ;
Now, henceforth, for evermore.

109 *After Sermon.* C.M.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
What pleasure to our ears !
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Glory, honor, praise, and power, &c.

Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound !
Glory, honor, praise, and power, &c.

Salvation ! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs ;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Glory, honor, praise, and power, &c.

110 *Joy in Sorrow.* C.M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die ;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high :

Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only rest for which it pants)
On the Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :

I travel my appointed years,
'Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

O what hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise :

I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there ;
They all are rob'd in radiant white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

Lord, what are all my sus'rnings here,
 If thou but make me meet,
 With that enraptur'd host t'appear,
 And worship at thy feet !

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life and friends away :
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day !

111 *For Spiritual Blessings.* L.M.

MY soul before Thee prostrate lies ;
 To Thee her source my spirit flies,
 O let thy cheering count'nance shine
 On this poor mournful heart of mine.

From feeling misery's depth I cry,
 In thy death, Savior, let me die ;
 May self in thy excessive pain
 Be swallow'd up, nor rise again !

Jesus ! vouchsafe my heart and will
 With thy meek lowliness to fill ;
 Break nature's bonds, and let me see
 That whom Thou free'st, indeed is free.

My heart in Thee, and in thy ways
 Delights, yet from thy presence strays ;
 My mind would deeper sink in Thee,
 My foot stand firm, from wand'ring free.

I know that nought we have avails,
 Here all our strength and wisdom fails ;
 Who bids a sinful heart be clean ?
 Thou, only Thou, the Great Supreme !

Lord, well I know thy tender love,
 Thou never didst unfaithful prove ;
 A readiness I find in Thee,
 From self and sin to set me free.

Still will I long and wait for Thee,
 'Till in thy light, the light I see ;
 'Till Thou in thy good time appear,
 And sav'st my soul from ev'ry snare.

All my own schemes and self-design,
 I to thy better will resign ;
 Impress this deeply on my breast,
 That I'm in Thee already blest.

When my desires I fix on Thee,
 And plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
 Thy smiling face my heart perceives,
 Sweetly refresh'd, in safety lives.

So e'en in storms I Thee shall find
 My sure support, my guardian kind ;
 And I from age to age shall prove
 That God in Christ is perfect love.

112 *The Peace of God.* 8.7.

PEACE be to this congregation,
 Peace to every soul therein,
 Peace, the fore-taste of salvation,
 Peace, the fruit of cancell'd sin !
 Peace, that speaks its heav'nly Giver
 Peace to sensual minds unknown,
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Here erect its glorious throne !

Lord, if now Thou passest by us,
 Stand, and call us unto Thee ;
 Fully, freely justify us,
 Give us eyes thy love to see ;
 Love that brought Thee down from heav'n,
 Made our God a man of grief ;
 Let it shew our sins forgiven :
 Help, O help our unbelief !

Prince of Peace, if Thou art near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
 By thy swift appearing cheer us,
 Quickly let thy kingdom come :
 Answer all our expectation,
 Give our raptur'd souls to prove
 Glorious, uttermost salvation,
 Heav'nly, everlasting love.

113 *Amazing Love.* C.M.

A LAS ! and did my Savior bleed ?
 And did my Sov'reign die ?
 Would he devote that sacred head,
 For such a worm as I ?
 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groan'd upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God the mighty maker died
 For man his creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While thy dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
 That debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 O help me so to do.

114 *Melchisedec.* C.M.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of Thee :
 No music like thy lovely name,
 Can so melodious be.

115 *The Ransom.* 8s.

SAY, where's thy hope ? thou sinner, say,
Look ev'ry where, and ask around ;
Who all the mighty debt can pay,
Can a fit ransom e'er be found ?
Yes, Lord, before I drew my breath,
The Lamb for me had suffer'd death !

Far, far away, must satan fly,
Nor think me captive to detain :
For Jesus when he deign'd to die,
My bondage broke, and burst my chain ;
And conqu'ror in the dreadful fight,
My soul from thence becomes his right.

Take Thou possession of my heart,
Jesus, and make me live to Thee;
With Thee let nothing claim a part,
But Thou my All for ever be!
And give me with thy saints above,
All joy in Thee, Thou God of love!

116 *To the Holy Ghost. S.M.*

COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
 Let thy bright beams arise ;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.

Cheer our desponding hearts
 With visitations sweet ;
 Give us to lie, with humble hope,
 At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
 And kindle in our hearts the flame
 Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesu's blood ;
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The secret love of God.

Shew us the sinner's Friend,
 That rules the courts of bliss,
 The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,
 Th' eternal Prince of Peace.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To illuminate the soul ;
 To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
 And new create the whole.

117 *Resurrection. 8s.*

HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 For Him who groan'd beneath your load !
 He shed a thousand drops for you ;
 A thousand drops of richer blood !

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men !
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus the dead revives again !
 The rising God forsakes the tomb !
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise !)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout Him welcome to the skies !

Break off your tears, ye saints and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns !
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains ;
 Say, " Live for ever, wondrous King !
 " Born to redeem ! and strong to save !"
 Then ask the monster—" Where's thy sting
 "And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

118 *Ascension.*

FROM heav'n the loud, th' angelic song
 began [man :
 It shook the skies, and reach'd astonish'd
 By man re-echo'd, it shall mount again,
 While fragrant odours fill the blissful plain.

Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,
 In earth or heav'n the Lord of all ;
 Ye princes, rulers, powers, obey,
 And low before his footstool fall.

The deed was done ; the Lamb was slain ;
 The groaning earth the burden bore :
 He rose, He lives ; He lives to reign,
 Nor time shall shake his endless power.

Riches and all that deck the great,
 From worlds unnumber'd hither bring ;
 The tribute pour before his seat,
 And hail the triumphs of our King.

[Wisdom and strength are his alone,
He rais'd the top-stone, shouting Grace ;
Honor has built his lofty throne,
And glory shines upon his face.

From heav'n, from earth, loud bursts of praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim ;
Blessings that earth to glory raise ;
The purchase of the wounded Lamb.]

Higher, still higher, swell the strain ;
Creation's voice the note prolong ;
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign :
Let Hallelujahs crown the song.

Hallelujah !

119 *Unchangeable Love.* 104th.

IF Jesus is ours,
We have a true friend,
Whose goodness endures
The same to the end :
Our comforts may vary,
Our frames may decline,
We cannot miscarry,
Our aid is divine.

Tho' God may delay,
To shew us his light,
And heaviness may
Endure for a night,
Yet joy in the morning,
Shall surely abound,
No shadow of turning
In Jesus is found.

The hills may depart,
And mountains remove,
But faithful Thou art
O fountain of love !

The Father hath graven
Our names on thy hands ;
Our building in heaven
Eternally stands.

A moment he hid
The light of his face ;
Yet firmly decreed
To save us by grace :
And though he reprov'd us,
And still may reprove,
For ever he lov'd us,
And ever will love.

Then tune ev'ry string,
To Jesus's name !
With angels we'll sing
The song of the Lamb :
Thee ev'ry believer
Shall joyfully praise,
Thou bountiful giver
Of glory and grace.

120 *Unchangeable Love.* 6. 8.

O MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears !
But greater, Lord, Thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears :
Did Jesus once upon me shine ?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

Unchangeable his will
Whatever be my frame,
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same ;
My soul through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.

Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work Thou hast begun
In me a sinful worm :
'Midst all my fear, and sin, and woe,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.

The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move ;
I still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is love !
My soul into thy arms I cast ;
I trust I shall be sav'd at last.

121 *Praise to Christ.* C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus !
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us !

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine !

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

122 *Calvary.* S.M.

GO forth in spirit, go
To Calvary's holy mount !
See there thy friend, between two thieves,
Suff'ring on thy account.

Fall at his cross's foot,
And say, my God and Lord,
Here let me dwell and view those wounds
Which life for me procur'd!

Fix on that face thine eye ;
Why dost thou backward shrink ?
What a base rebel thou hast been
To Christ, thou now dost think.

Fear not, for this is He
Who always loves us first,
And with white robes of righteousness
Delights to deck the worst.

Or art thou at a loss
What thou to Him shalt say ?
Be but sincere, and all thy case
Just as it is display.

That heart our Savior loves,
Which does not strive to weave
Pretences fair to sooth itself,
And his sharp eyes deceive.

123 *Christ All in All.* 7s.

GENTLE Jesus, lovely Lamb,
Thine, and only Thine, I am ;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only Thou possess the whole.

Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to Thee ;
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give Thee all my heart.

Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness !

Whom have I on earth below ?
 Only Thee I'd wish to know :
 Whom have I, in heav'n, but Thee ?
 Thou art all in all to me.

All my treasure is above,
 All my riches is thy love :
 Who the worth of love can tell ?
 Infinite ! unsearchable !

Nothing else may I require ;
 Let me Thee alone desire
 Pleas'd with what thy love provides ;
 Wear'd from all the world besides.

124 *Pleading.* 6. 7. 8.

JESUS, friend of sinners, hear
 A feeble creature pray :
 From my debt of sin set clear,
 For I have nought to pay.
 Speak, O speak my kind release ;
 A poor backsliding soul restore :
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me weep no more.

Though my sins as mountains rise,
 And swell and reach to heav'n,
 Mercy is above the skies,
 And I shall stand forgiv'n :
 Mighty is my guilt's increase,
 But greater is thy mercy's store !
 Love me freely, &c.

From th' oppressive sense of sin
 My struggling spirit free :
 Blood and righteousness divine
 Can rescue even *me* !
 Holy Spirit, shed thy grace,
 And let me feel thy soft'ning show'r :
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me weep no more.

125 *Pleading.* 6. 7. 8.

BY me, O my Savior, stand
 In ev'ry trying hour ;
 Guard me with thy outstretch'd hand,
 And hold me by thy power ;
 Mindful of thy faithful word,
 Thine all-sufficient grace bestow ;
 Keep me, keep me, dearest Lord,
 And never let me go.

Give me, Lord, an holy fear,
 And fix it in my heart,
 That I may from evil near,
 With speedy care depart ;
 Still thy timely help afford,
 And all thy loving-kindness show ;
 Keep me, keep me, &c.

Let me never leave thy breast,
 From Thee, my Savior, stray :
 Thou art my support and rest,
 My true and living way ;
 My exceeding great reward,
 In heav'n above, and earth below ;
 Keep me, keep me, &c.

Never let me go, till I,
 Up-borne on wings of love,
 Gain the regions of the sky,
 And take my seat above :
 Thou hast past thy gracious word,
 That Thou wilt bring me safely through ;
 Thou wilt, therefore, keep me, Lord,
 Nor ever let me go.

126 *Public Worship. L.M.*

BELoved Savior, faithful friend,
The joy of all thy cross's train ;
In mercy to our aid descend,

Or else we worship Thee in vain :

In vain we meet to sing and pray,

If Christ his influence withhold ;

Our hearts remain as cold as clay,

Till we our God by faith behold.

Then let us feel thy healing beams,

And view thy reconciled face ;

Yea, prove thy presence in these means,

To bless a vile and helpless race.

Here manifest thyself in peace,

Thy faithful mercies now make known ;

Oh ! breathe on us a gale of grace,

And send the cheering blessing down.

We gladly for thy coming wait,

Seeking to know Thee as Thou art ;

We bow as sinners at thy feet,

And bid Thee welcome to our heart.

127 *Before Prayer. S.M.*

DEAR Lord, attend our prayer,

And all our wants relieve ;

Come to our hearts, and dwell Thou there

That Thou in us may'st live !

In weakness we draw nigh

Unto the throne of grace ;

Answer the sinner's mournful cry,

And fill us with thy peace.

Thou read'st the naked breast ;

For liberty we groan ;

We sigh in Thee, our Lord, to rest,

And worship Thee alone.

If trials vex our mind,
Closer to Thee we'll flee ;
No refuge may we elsewhere find,
But what we find in Thee.

To Thee we come, our Friend,
As sinners poor indeed ;
On Thee for future grace depend,
Our help in ev'ry need.

128 *Redeeming Love.* L. M.

HARK ! in the wilderness a cry !
It shakes the mountains, rends the earth,
The King appears, behold him nigh !
The God by nature, man by birth !

Run to and fro, ye heralds, run,
Proclaim aloud, prepare the way !
Redemption's glorious work's begun,
And who his potent arm shall stay ?

Make straight the paths before his feet,
And ev'ry obstacle remove ;
Drop down, ye hills, your cumb'rous weight,
And bow before *Redeeming Love.*

Then shall the lowly valley rise,
Its budding honours spring to view ;
Swift the *Creating Fiat* flies,
And all is blissful, all is new.

Know'st Thou the meaning, nature's child ?
Know'st Thou the import of the cry ?
Thy heart's the desert waste and wild ;
But lo ! the kind *Reclaimer's* nigh.

Mountains of unbelief and sin,
Before him crumble into dust ;
Thy humbled heart shall then begin
His all-restoring hand to trust.

By him exalted know thy state,
 A garden rich in fruit and flow'r ;
 Thy gracious Master's lov'd retreat,
 The wonder of *Redeeming Pow'r.*

129 *Before Sermon.* 8. 7.

HOLY Ghost, inspire our praises,
 Touch our hearts and tune our tongues !
 Laud we now thy name, O Jesus,
 Heav'n shall echo with our songs.

Ev'ry state, howe'er distressing,
 Shall be profit in the end ;
 Ev'ry ordinance a blessing ;
 Ev'ry providence a friend.

Blessed Lord, be Thou our teacher,
 Helper, counsellor, and guide ;
 Speak the promise thro' the preacher,
 And the hearing ear provide.

Vain are learning, parts, or merit,
 Vain the native pow'rs of man ;
 Jesus ! send thy Holy Spirit,
 To display the gospel-plan.

130 *Resurrection* 8. 7. 8.

UPRISING from the darksome tomb,
 See the victorious Jesus come !
 Th' Almighty Pris'ner quits the prison ;
 And angels tell the Lord is risen.
 Angels, angels, angels, angels, angels tell the
 Lord is risen.

Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve,
 Hear the glad tidings, hear and live ;
 God's righteous law is satisfied :
 And justice now is on your side.
 Justice, justice, &c.

Your surety, thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood :
No new demand, no bar remains ;
But mercy now triumphant reigns.

Mercy, mercy, &c.

Believers, hail your rising head,
The *First-begotten* from the dead,
Your resurrection's sure thro' *His*,
To endless life and boundless bliss.
Endless, endless, &c.

131 *Resurrection.* 8.8.6.

SEE Jesus, our *Deliv'rer* great,
Rising, his vict'ry to complete ;
In vain's the seal and stone !
O grave, where is thy victory ?
Here, here, thy mighty *Conq'ror* see,
Rising, He leaves the tomb.

Awhile he with his fav'rites stay'd,
Strength to their feeble faith convey'd,
Then mounts the starry sky :
The heav'ns with acclamations ring,
To welcome their triumphant King,
And shout his victory.

Jesus, for all thy favours, now
In gratitude we prostrate bow
Before thy loving face :
Give all, assembled in this hour,
To feel thy resurrection's pow'r,
And sing redeeming grace.

Clearly to ev'ry heart display
The virtue of thy cross ; this day
Each drooping heart inflame :

Refresh'd we'll then unwearied go
Along this wilderness below,
And spread thy glorious fame.

Jesus, when will the hour appear,
That we thy pow'rful call shall hear,
And round thy throne attend ?
When shall we see Thee face to face,
And join above to sing thy praise,
Eternity to spend ?

132 *The Sinner's Prayer.* 6.7.8.

GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe ;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive :
Full of guilt, alas ! I am ;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee :
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me !

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure ;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st am poor ;
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me !

Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy ;
From myself I turn my eyes,
The chief of sinners I :
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me lose myself in Thee ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me !

133 *Resting under the Cross.* C.M.

CHILDREN of Israel, see what shade
The cross does us afford !
It was for weary sinners made :
We thank Thee for it, Lord.

Gethsemane can witness still,
How meekly there he cried :
So can the brow of *Calv'ry's* hill,
Where our great master died.

We sing thy righteousness and blood,
And agonizing pain :
We sing thy griefs, Thou dying God,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.

We hail Thee, Thou by Jews revil'd ;
To Thee we bow the knee :
Hail, very God ! the promis'd Child :
The prophets sang of Thee.

We are thy living witnesses,
And testify that Thou
Art all our righteousness and peace,
For we have prov'd Thee so.

While others sing the unknown God,
We each will sing of Thee ;
Jesus hath wash'd me in his blood,
And lov'd and died for me.

134 *Public Humiliation.* C.M.

WE all the sinner's path have trod ;
Like sheep we all have stray'd :
In sack-cloth let us seek to God,
With dust upon our head.

Let shame our guilty souls bow down,
And let us tell our sin ;
Who knows, while we our folly own,
But Christ may make us clean ?

Behold, O Lamb of God, a race
 Of wretched sinners come,
 Naked and vile; O let thy grace
 Afford thy children room.

Think on thy gracious covenant;
 And then, tho' we have sinn'd,
 Kindly forgive us:—this we want,
 O Lord, our only friend.

135 *Invitation.* C.M.

SINNERS, attend, attend I pray,
 And hear the gospel-word:
 Regard your visitation day,
 And entertain your Lord.

He calls unto the sons of men,
 His offer'd grace to prove,
 That they in seeking may obtain
 Repentance, faith, and love.

Give me thy heart, the Savior cries,
 Justly he doth it claim;
 Oh! do not then his call despise,
 But give it to the Lamb.

His arms are open to receive
 Whoever to him flies;
 Pardon and present peace to give,
 And love that never dies.

Jesus, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 Thou Friend of sinners, come;
 Descend, kind Comforter, and bring
 The great salvation down.

136 *Before Sermon.* 7s.

SOURCE of light and pow'r divine,
 Deign upon thy truth to shine.

Lord, behold thy servant stands ;
 Lo ! to Thee he lifts his hands :
 Satisfy his soul's desire ;
 Touch his lips with holy fire.

Softly fall the healing sound.
 Like the dew-drop on the ground,
 Drooping plants shall soon revive ;
 Faith in bud begin to live,
 And enlarg'd shall soon disclose
 Beauties of the full-blown rose.

In thy pure and holy way,
 Heights, and greater heights display ;
 So that whilst our race we run,
 We may think it but begun ;
 Nor the past contemplate more,
 Urgent still on what's before.

Ope thy treasures ! so shall fall
 Unction sweet on him, on all,
 Till by odours scatter'd round,
 Christ himself be trac'd and found ;
 Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
 Rich in peace and joy depart.

137 *Christ our Sacrifice.* S.M.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heav'ly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away :
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay its hand ;
 On that dear head of thine,
 While as a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree ;
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

138 *The hidden Life.* C.M.

TO tell the Savior all my wants,
How pleasing is the task !
Nor less to praise him when he grants
Beyond what I can ask.

My lab'ring spirit vainly seeks
To tell but half the joy ;
With how much tenderness he speaks,
And helps me to reply.

Nor were it wise, nor should I choose
Such secrets to declare ;
Like precious wines their taste they lose,
Expos'd to open air.

But this with boldness I proclaim,
Nor care if thousands hear ;
Sweet is the ointment of his name,
Not life is half so dear.

And can you frown, my former friends,
Who knew what once I was ;
And blame the song that thus commends
The Man who bore the cross ?

Trust me, I draw the likeness true,
And not as fancy paints ;
Such honor may he give to you,
For such have all his saints.

139 *Before Sermon.* 7. 6. 7.

HOLY Comforter, descend !
 Unfold the things of God ;
 Bid our fears and sorrows end
 Through faith in Jesu's blood :
Thine it is the blood t' apply ;
 Thine, to make us feel and see ;
He who did for sinners die,
 Hath surely died for *me*.

God and Lord of life and light,
 Jesus in us reveal ;
Justify us in his right,
 And stamp us with thy seal :
Fill our souls with joy and peace :
 Wisdom, grace, and utt'rance give :
Make us through his righteousness,
 To life eternal live.

140 *The shining Light.* S. M.

MY former hopes are dead,
 My terror now begins ;
I feel, alas ! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.
 Ah, whither shall I fly ?
 I hear the thunder roar ;
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.

When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom ;
 Yet sure, a friendly whisper says,
 " *Flee from the wrath to come.*"

I see, or think I see,
 A glimm'ring from afar ;
 A beam of day that shines for me,
 To save me from despair.

Fore-runner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way ;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

141 *Offices of Christ.* 6. 8.

ARRAY'D in mortal flesh,
Lo ! the great Angel stands !
He holds the promises
And pardons in his hands ;
Commission'd from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.

Be Thou our counsellor,
Our pattern and our guide !
And through this desert land
Still keep us near thy side :
O let our feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

We'd hear our Shepherd's voice,
Whose watchful eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring souls among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock, he calls their names
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

To this dear Surety's hands,
My soul commend thy cause,
He answers and fulfil's
His Father's broken laws :
Believing souls now free are set,
For Christ hath paid the dreadful debt.

Then let our souls arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
Our captain leads us forth,
To conquest and a crown :

March on, nor fear to win the day
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

142 *Free Grace.* C.M.

FREE Grace to ev'ry heav'n-born soul
Will be their constant theme ;
Long as eternal ages roll,
They'll still adore the Lamb.

Free grace alone can wipe the tears
From our lamenting eyes ;
Can raise our souls from guilty fears,
To joy that never dies.

Free grace can death itself out-brave,
And take its sting away :
Can souls unto the utmost save,
And them to heav'n convey.

Our Savior by free grace alone
His building shall complete ;
He shall bring forth the topmost-stone,
Midst shouts, *Grace, grace to it.*

May I be found a living stone
In Salem's streets above,
And help to sing before the throne
Free grace and dying love.

143 *Exhortation to Praise.* C.M.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme.
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face ;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace !

144 *After Sermon.* 5. 5. 10.

O JESUS, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd [thy word !
For all the rich blessings convey'd through

In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise

The ancient of Days
His glory displays, [rays.
And shines on his chosen with cherishing

The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad, [blood
The language of mercy — salvation thro

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey, [day.
And share in the blessings of this gospel-

The people who know
The Savior below,
With burning affection to worship Him glow.

[Their anguish and smart
And sorrows depart, [heart.]
Who find his salvation inscrib'd on the

The people are blest
Who lean on his breast,
And have a rich foretaste of his promis'd rest.

This blessing be mine,
Through favor divine :
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine !

The work is of grace,
Thine, thine be the praise !
And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy ways.

145 *Retirement.* C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee.
From strife and tumult far !
From scenes, where Satan wages still,
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow Thee,

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode ;
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

There, like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and guardian of my life ;
Sweet source of light divine ;
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Savior, Thou art mine !

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store ;
Shall echo thro' the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

146 *Admonition.* 8.7.

LUKEWARM souls, the foe grows stronger,
See what hosts your camp surround ;
Arin to battle ; lag no longer,
Hark ! the silver trumpets sound.
Wake ye sleepers ; wake, what mean you !
Sin besets you round about,
Up, and search—the world's within you :
Slay, or chase the traitor out.

What enchantς you—pelf or pleasure ?
Pluck right eyes, with right hands part ;
Ask your conscience where's your treasure ;
For, be certain, there's your heart.
Give the fawning foe no credit,
Lo ! the bloody flag's unfurl'd ;
That base heart (the word has said it)
Loves not God, that loves the world.
God and Mammon ? O be wiser !
Serve them both ? It cannot be.
Ease in warfare, saint and miser,
These will never well agree.
Shun the shame of foully falling ;
Cumber'd captives clogg'd with clay,
Prove your faith, make sure your calling ;
Wield the sword, and win the day.

147 *For Divine Assistance.* 11s.

COMPASSIONATE Saviour, my Shepherd
and Friend,
My soul from the fury of Satan defend ;
Thy presence continue, thy blessing convey,
And grant me a spirit to praise and to pray.

Prevent and assist me, and so shall I run,
And further within me the work thou'st begun;

Then let the vain world me reject or despise.
Thy grace for my wants, Lord, shall ever suffice.

Still go Thou before me, and guide me aright;

Thy peace be my comfort, thyself my light;
Thy will be my pleasure, thy honor my aim,
And this be my glory the blood of the Lamb.

This, this be my portion, thy beauty my song,
Thy name and thy praises still dwell on my tongue:

Direct by thy Spirit my actions and ways,
So shall I inherit thy blessing always.

148 *Seeking Jesus.* C. M.

To those who know the Lord I speak,
Is my beloved near?

The bridegroom of my soul I seek,
Oh! when will he appear!

Tho' once a man of grief and shame,
Yet now he fills a throne:

And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
That earth or heav'n have known.

Grace flies before, and love attends
His steps where'er he goes;

Tho' none can see him but his friends,
And they were once his foes.

Such Jesus is, and such his grace,
O may he shine on you!

And tell him when you see his face,
I long to see him too.

149 *The World a Wilderness.* C.M.

LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy.

But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow ;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies thro' this horrid land :
Lord ! we would keep that heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

[Our souls shall tread the desert through,
With undiverted feet :
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]

[A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam :
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]

[Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray ;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.]

[By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road ;
Thro' dismal deeps and dang'rous snares
We make our way to God.]

Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

[See the kind angels at the gates
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus the forerunner waits,
To welcome trav'lers home !]

There on a green and flow'ry mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

[No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

150 *Ascension. L.M.*

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'ly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way!

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in!

Who is the KING of Glory, who?
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way!

Who is the KING of Glory, who ?
The Lord of glorious pow'r possest ;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all for ever blest !

151 *Safety in a Storm.* L.M.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky,
Out of the depths to Thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm ;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say, " Peace, be still."

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee ;
Thy constant love, and faithful care,
Are all that save me from despair.

Dangers of ev'ry shape and name
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

Tho' tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Savior thro the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds nor stormy main.
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

152 *Pleading.* L. M.

GOD of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless, and the faint !
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
 Where but with Thee, whose open door,
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

Poor tho' I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
 And He is safe and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

153 *Praise to Christ.* C.M.

PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief :
 He saw, and (Oh amazing love !)
 He came to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste He fled :
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

Oh ! for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Savior's praises speak !

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold :
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

154 *Crucifixion. 7s.*

SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne ;
 Weeping soul, no longer mourn :
 View him bleeding on the tree,
 Pouring out his life for thee :
 There thy ev'ry sin he bore ;
 Weeping souls, lament no more.

Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
 On th' atoning sacrifice ;
 There th' incarnate Deity,
 Number'd with transgressors, see ;
 There his Father's absence mourns ;
 Nail'd, and bruis'd, and crown'd with thorns.

See thy God, His head hang down,
 Hear the Man of sorrows groan ;
 For thy ransom there condemn'd ;
 Stript, derided, and blasphem'd ;
 Bleeds, the guiltless for th' unclean,
 Made an off'ring for thy sin.

Cast thy guilty soul on Him ;
 Find him mighty to redeem ;
 At his feet thy burden lay ;
 Look thy doubts and care away ;
 Now by faith the Son embrace,
 Plead his promise, trust his grace.

Lord, thy arm must be reveal'd,
 E'er I can by faith be heal'd ;
 Since I scarce can look to Thee,
 Cast a gracious eye on me !
 At thy feet myself I lay ;
 Shine, Oh shine my fears away !

155 *Psalm 150.—7. 6. 7.*

PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
 And keeps his courts below ;
 Praise the holy God of love,
 And all his greatness shew.
 Praise him for his noble deeds,
 Praise Him for his matchless power ;
 Him from whom all good proceeds,
 Let earth and heav'n adore.

Publish, spread to all around
 The great Immanuel's name :
 Let the trumpet's martial sound
 Him Lord of hosts proclaim :
 Praise Him, ev'ry tuneful string,
 All the reach of heav'nly art ;
 All the pow'rs of music bring,
 The music of the heart.

Him in whom they move and live,
 Let ev'ry creature sing :
 Glory to their Maker give,
 And homage to their King.
 Hallow'd be his name beneath,
 As in heav'n on earth ador'd ;
 Praise the Lord in ev'ry breath,
 Let all things praise the Lord.

156 *Jesus Precious.* 6.8.

LET earth and heav'n agree,
 Angels and men be join'd,
 To celebrate with me
 The Savior of mankind !
 T'adore the great atoning Lamb.
 And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

Jesus ! transporting sound !
 The joy of earth and heav'n :
 No other help is found,
 No other name is giv'n,
 By which we can salvation have ;
 But Jesus came the world to save.

Jesus ! harmonious name !
 It charms the hosts above :
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his love :
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
 'Tis heav'n to see our Jesu's face.

His name the sinner hears,
 And is from guilt set free :
 'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory :
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.

157 *The Reign of Grace.* C.M.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast !
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And perfects all the rest.

Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear :
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

When join'd to that harmonious throng
 That fills the choirs above,
 Then shall we tune our golden harps,
 And ev'ry note be love.

158 *Submission.* C.M.

O LORD my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?

No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to Thee ;
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favor, all my journey through,
 'Thou art engag'd to grant ;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist them both ?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth.

But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway ;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.

159 *To the Trinity.* 6. 4.

COME, Thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise !

Father, all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of days !

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall !

Let thine Almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stay'd :
Lord, hear our call !

Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our pray'rs attend !

Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness
On us descend !

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour !

Thou, who Almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r !

To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore !

His sov'reign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity

Love and adore !

160 *Nativity. 7s.*

HARK ! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies ;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem ! "

Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' Incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as man with men t'appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Mild He lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Come, desire of nations, come
Fix in us thy humble home ;
Rise, the woman's conq'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

161 *Nativity.* 8. 5. 6.

LIFT up your heads in joyful hope
Salute the happy morn ;
Each heav'nly power
Proclaims the glad hour ;
Lo, Jesus the Savior is born !

All glory be to God on high,
To Him all praise is due ;
The promise is seal'd,
The Savior's reveal'd,
And proves that the record is true.

Let joy around like rivers flow,
 Flow on, and still increase ;
 Spread o'er the glad earth
 At Jesus's birth,
 For heav'n and earth are at peace.

Now the good-will of heav'n is shewn
 Tow'rds Adam's helpless race ;
 Messiah is come
 To ransom his own,
 To save them by infinite grace.

Then let us join the heav'ns above,
 Where hymning seraphs sing ;
 Join all the glad powers,
 For their Lord is ours,
 Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King

162 *The Fountain opened. C.M.*

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there would I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save ;
 When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy tho' I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me !

'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
 And form'd by power divine,
 To sound, in God the Father's ears,
 No other name but Thine.

163 *Rejoicing in Hope.* 8. 8. 6.

I SHALL not always make my moan,
 Nor worship Thee a God unknown ;
 But I shall live to prove
 Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,
 The length, and breadth, and depth, and
 Of thy redeeming love. [height

Oh, that I might at once go up,
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess :
 This moment end my legal years,
 Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
 An howling wilderness.

Now, O my Joshua, bring me in ;
 Sprinkle thy blood, forgive my sin,
 My unbelief remove ;
 The purchase of thy death divide,
 And, oh ! with all the sanctified,
 Give me a lot of love.

164 *For Grace.* 8.7.

O THOU tender, loving Jesus,
 Now thy saving grace impart ;
From the world and Satan save us,
 Save us from our evil heart.
Throw thy arms in mercy open,
 Bid, O bid us, Jesus, come ;
Let our flinty hearts be broken,
 Falling on the corner stone.

Here for ever let us centre,
 Steady, though assail'd by sin ;
Forward may we boldly venture,
 Till eternal life we win ;
Banish ev'ry reas'ning scruple,
 Scatter ev'ry gath'ring cloud ;
Our poor hearts, O Jesus, sprinkle
 With thy precious, precious blood.

When our cheering feelings sicken,
 And a veil our souls o'erspreads,
Then with grace our spirits quicken,
 To raise up our drooping heads :
Should our foolish hearts e'er wander
 From the source of real joy ;
Call us back, but not in anger,
 Lest thy frowns should us destroy.

Arm us from thy heav'nly storehouse,
 Still display thy banner high :
March victorious on before us,
 Make the world and Satan fly :
When the angel drawing near us
 Seals in peace the pilgrim's eyes,
In that trying moment bear us
 Safely to thy paradise.

165 *Temptation. 7s.*

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, oh ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 Boundless love in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness :
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

166 *Prayer. 7s.*

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin,
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord! I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

167 *Offices of Christ. 6. 8.*

JJOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set our Savior forth.

What kind endearing words,
What condescending ways

Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach His heav'nly grace !
My soul with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for thee !

Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues would bless thy name !
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died ;
Thou guilty sinner, seek
No sacrifice beside :
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne

My dear, Almighty Lord !
My conqu'ror and my King !
Thy matchless pow'r and love,
Thy saving grace we sing :
Thine is the pow'r ; O may we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet !

168 *Efficacy of Christ's Blood.* C.M.

IS there a thing that moves and breaks
A heart as hard as stone,
Or warms a heart as cold as ice ?
'Tis Jesu's blood alone.
One drop of this can truly cheer
And heal the wounded soul ;
What multitude of broken hearts
This living stream makes whole !

Hark, O my soul ! what sing the choirs
Around the glorious throne ?
Hark ! the slain Lamb for evermore
Sounds in the sweetest tone !

The elders there cast down their crowns,
And all both night and day
Sing praise to Him, who shed his blood,
And wash'd their guilt away.

And this, while here, will we proclaim,
Cheerful in our degree ;
That through the blood of God's dear Lamb,
Each soul may happy be.
But Thou, O Lord ! make ev'ry day
Thy grace to us more sweet,
Till we behold thy wounded side,
And worship at thy feet.

169 *Efficacy of Christ's Blood* 7s.

JESUS, Jesus, King of saints,
Known to Thee are all my wants ;
Self-convicted, self-abhor'd,
I approach Thee, dearest Lord.

Known to Thee, whose eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim ;
With an eye of love look down ;
Help me, Lord, and help me soon.

Break, O break this heart of stone,
Form it for thy use alone ;
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.

This be my support in need,
That thou didst so freely bleed ;
All my hopes and joys arise
From thy bloody sacrifice.

This confirms me when I'm weak ;
Conforts me when I am sick ;
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my ev'ry want.

Savior, to my heart be near,
 Exercise the Shepherd's care ;
 Guard my weakness by thy grace,
 Let me feel a constant peace.

170 *Precious Christ.* 6. 8.

JESUS is all my hope,
 His death is all my boast ;
 But for his sov'reign grace,
 I should be ever lost ;
 Redeeming blood, and dying love,
 Here be my theme, and when above.

All that remains for me
 Is but to love and sing,
 To worship and adore
 My Savior, God, and King ; [wound,
 Each stripe, each bruise, each bleeding
 Speaks love and peace to all around.

O happy, sweeter name
 Than e'er the world did know !
 More of thy smiling grace
 Freely on me bestow ;
 And let me taste that ardent love
 That saints and martyrs taste above.

So all my doubts and fears
 Shall wholly flee away,
 And every mournful night,
 Be turn'd to joyful day ;
 And all the world shall plainly see
 Thou art a faithful friend to me.

171 *For spiritual Mindedness.* 6.8.

LORD, let my spirit dwell,
 Whilst I reside below,
 Above this wretched world
 Of misery and woe ;
 So that its griefs may ne'er dismay,
 Nor charms delude my heart away.

I take my happy rest
 In Thee, my God, alone,
 And all my misery
 I spread before thy throne ;
 I groan, and sigh, and long to see
 My happy morn of liberty.

O mercy ! mercy ! Lord,
 Whilst yet the light is near ;
 My weary soul, involv'd
 In deep confusion, cheer ;
 And raise me up, I long to be
 Within a blessed view of Thee.

My Lord, thyself alone
 Can take me by the hand,
 And lead me safely on
 Into the promis'd land.
 Thy power can subdue my foes,
 Allay and sweeten all my woes.

Conduct me safely home,
 My Savior, and my God ;
 Mercy is all I crave,
 The merits of thy blood ;
 Redemption full I only see,
 Out of myself, alone in Thee.

172 *Come Lord Jesus.* 8.7.

COME, Thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free ;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee !
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a Child, and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

173 *Thanksgiving.* C.M.

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
 Which daily I receive
 From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
 My soul, what canst thou give ?
 Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
 What can I bring him forth ?
 My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,
 My all is nothing worth.

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make,
 For all he has bestow'd ;
 Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
 And call upon my God.

The best return for one like me,
 So wretched and so poor,
 Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
 And ask him still for more.

I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast ;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe him most.

174 *Nativity.* 11s.

O JESUS my Savior, I fain would embrace
Thy name and thy nature, thy Spirit and
grace,
And trace the dear footsteps of Jesus my Lord,
And glory in him whom the nations abhor'd.
Oh wonder of wonders ! astonish'd I gaze,
To see in the manger the Ancient of days ;
And angels proclaiming the stranger forlorn,
And telling the shepherds that Jesus is born.

My God, my Creator, the heav'ns did bow
To ransom offenders, and stoop'd very low ;
The body prepar'd by his Father assumes,
And on the kind errand most joyfully comes.

For thousands of sinners the Lord bow'd his head
For thousands of sinners he groan'd and he bled :
My spirit rejoices, the work it is done ;
My soul is redeemed, salvation is won.

My God is returned to glory on high ;
When death makes a passage, then to him I'll fly
And gladly will leave all my brethren behind,
Expecting in glory we all shall be join'd.

175 *Longing for Christ.* L.M.

O COME, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood ;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee ;
Seal Thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

How can it be, Thou heav'nly King,
That Thou shouldst man to glory bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?

O Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought :
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable !

First-born of many brethren Thou,
To Thee both earth and heav'n must bow :
Help us to Thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, Thine may we live.

176 *Advent. C.M.*

HARK ! the glad sound ! Messiah comes !
The Savior, promis'd long ;
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held :
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with his righteousness and blood
T' enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heav'ns eternal arch shall ring
With thy beloved name.

177 *Witnessing of Christ. S. M*

THE God, whose smiles we court,
From whom we favor claim ;
Whose love alone new life imparts,
And gives the heav'nly flame ;

Is none but the meek Lamb,
 Our dear exalted Lord ;
 Whose grace and Spirit still remain
 To bless us in his word.

His promise is the same,
 His church below to bless,
 When they assemble in his name
 To supplicate his grace :
 A train of sinners poor
 He will not cast behind ;
 But keeps his word for evermore,
 And bears us on his mind.

To our relief he flies,
 He flies from realms above ;
 Answers our pray'rs in sweet replies,
 And tokens of his love.
 Shall we not witness bear
 How faithful he hath been ;
 And boldly to the world declare,
 Salvation we have seen ?

Yes, if Thou'l help us, Lord,
 Thy name we will confess ;
 And speak of Christ the living wora,
 The Lord our righteousness :
 We'll mention to his praise
 The triumphs of his death ;
 And sing his everlasting grace
 Ev'n with our latest breath.

178 *Psalm 90. C.M.*

O GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure :
 Sufficient is thy arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust
 Of which he first was made :
 And, when Thou speak'st the word, "Return,"
 'Tis instantly obey'd.

But, "I am with you," saith the Lord,
 " My saints shall safe abide :
 ' Nor will I e'er forsake my own,
 " For whom the Savior died."

Through ev'ry scene of life and death
 Thy promise is our trust :
 And this shall be our children's song,
 When we are cold in dust.

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
 Be Thou our guard, while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

179 *The Pilgrim.* 6. 8.

JESUS, at thy command
 I launch into the deep ;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep :
 For Thee I fain would all resign,
 And sail to heav'n with Thee and thine.

What though the seas are broad,
 What though the waves are strong,
 What though tempestuous winds,
 Distress me all along ;
 Yet what are seas or stormy wind
 Compar'd to Christ, the sinner's friend ?

Christ is my Pilot wise,
My compass is his word :
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord.

I trust his faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie ;
Yet Christ shall safely keep
And guide me with his eye.

How can I sink with such a prop
As bears the world and all things up ?

By faith I see the land,
The hav'n of endless rest ;
My soul, thy wings expand,
And fly to Jesu's breast.

O may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and seas distress no more !

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my storms subside,
Then to my succour fly
And keep me near thy side ;

For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

Come, heav'nly Wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft from all below
To heav'n my destin'd place ;
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

180 *Prayer. S.M.*

BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near
There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer pray'r.

That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold ?

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love :
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

181 *Assurance.* 8s.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing ;
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'ring to bring.
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do ;
My Savior's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete ;
His promise is Yea, and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.
Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make Him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

My name from the palms of his hands
 Eternity will not erase ;
 Imprest on his heart it remains
 In marks of indelible grace :
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is giv'n ;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorified spirits in heav'n.

182 *Christ's Care for his People.* 115.

O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
 Whom no man can comfort whom no
 man can save,
 With darkness surrounded, by terrors dis-
 may'd ; [cay'd.
 In toiling and rowing thy strength is de-
 Loud roaring the billows, now nigh over-
 whelm,
 But skilful's the pilot, who sits at the helm ;
 His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee
 defends,
 In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

“ O fearful ! O faithless ! ” in mercy he cries ;
 “ My promise, my truth, are they light in
 thine eyes ?
 Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall
 stand,
 Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee
 to land.

Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name
 Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain :
 The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I
 see
 The wounds I received when suff'ring for
 thee

I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my
bones;

In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

Then trust me and fear not, thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my pow'r;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad pray'r;
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring;
The deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing."

183 *Day of Judgment.* 8. 7. 4.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !

How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine !

You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
Gracious Savior
Own me in that day for thine.

At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the pow'rs of nature shaken
By his look, prepare to flee :
Careless sinner !

What will then become of thee ?

Satan, who now tries to please you
Lest you timely warning take.

In that awful day will seize you,
 Plunge you in the burning lake :
 Think, poor sinner,
 Thy eternal all's at stake.
 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below ;
 He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow ;
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know."

184 *Reconciliation.* C.M.

DEAREST of all the names above,
 My Jesus and my God,
 Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
 Or trifle with thy blood ?
 'Tis by the merits of thy death
 The Father smiles again ;
 'Tis by thine interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.
 Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find ;
 The Holy, just, and sacred THREE
 Are terrors to my mind.
 But if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy begins ;
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 His grace removes my sins.
 While some on their own works rely,
 And some of wisdom boast,
 I love th' *Incarnate Mystery*,
 And there I fix my trust.

185 *Ebenezer.* 8.7.

COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;
 Praise the mount—Oh fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love !

Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

Oh to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love,
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

186 *Crucifixion.* L.M.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, and feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown !

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

187 *Christ's Humiliation.* C.M.

WHAT object's this that meets my eyes
From out Jerusalem's gate,
Which fills my mind with such surprise,
As wonders to create ?

Who can it be that groans beneath
A pond'rous cross of wood ;
Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death
And body bath'd in blood ?

Is this the Man, can this be He,
The Prophets have foretold
Should with transgressors number'd be,
And for their crimes be sold ?

Yes, now I know 'tis He, 'tis He,
E'en Jesus, God's dear Son ;
Wrapt in mortality to die
For crimes that I had done.

Oh ! blessed sight, Oh ! lovely form,
To sinful souls like me !
I'll creep beside him as a worm,
And see him die for me.

I'll hear his groans, and view his wounds,
Until, with happy John,
I on his breast a place have found
Sweetly to lean upon.

188 *God Omnipotent.* C.M.

O LORD, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is my repose,
That He, my mortal frame who rear'd,
Its various weakness knows.

Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load ;
In pains and dangers Thou art nigh,
Our Father, and our God.

Supported by thy changeless love,
We tend to realms of peace ;
Where ev'ry sorrow shall remove,
And ev'ry sin shall cease.

The more my frailty here is tried—
The more I toil and grieve,
The more thy grace is glorified,
Which shall the vict'ry give.

189 *Christ our Kinsman.* 8s.

JESUS, we claim Thee for our own,
Our Kinsman, near allied in blood ;
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
The Son of Man, the Son of God ;
And lo we lay us at thy feet,
Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.

Partaker of my flesh below,
To Thee, O Jesus, I apply ;
Thou wilt thy poor relations know,
Thou never canst thyself deny,
Exclude me from thy guardian care,
Or slight a sinful beggar's pray'r.

Thee, Savior, in my greatest need,
I trust my greatest Friend to prove :
Now o'er thy meanest servant spread
The skirt of thy redeeming love.
Under thy wings protecting take,
And save me for thy mercy's sake.

Hast Thou not undertook my cause,
Lord over all, to worms allied ?
Answer me from that bleeding cross,
Demand thy dearly ransom'd bride :
And let my soul, betroth'd to Thee,
Thine, wholly thine for ever be.

190 *Faith's Review and Expectation.* C.M

AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound
That sav'd a wretch like me ;
I once was lost, but now am found ;
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd :
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd.

Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

Yes, when this flesh and heart shall
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

191 *The good Shepherd.* 8s.

THOU Shepherd of Israel divine,
The joy of the contrite in heart ;
For closer communion they pine,
Still, still to reside where Thou art.
The pasture, Oh ! when shall we find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
Are screen'd from the heat of the day ?

Ah ! shew us that happiest place,
 That place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
 And hang on a crucified God.
 Thy love for lost sinners declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree ;
 Our spirits to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with Thee.
 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only we'd covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast :
 'Tis there we would always abide,
 And never a moment depart,
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

192 *Bethesda's Pool.* S.M.

BESIDE the gospel pool
 Appointed for the poor,
 From year to year my helpless soul
 Has waited for a cure.
 How often have I seen
 The healing waters move ;
 And others, round me, stepping in,
 Their efficacy prove.
 But my complaints remain,
 I feel the very same,
 As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
 As when at first I came.
 Oh would the Lord appear
 My malady to heal !
 He knows how long I've languish'd here,
 And what distress I feel.
 How often have I thought,
 Why should I longer lie ?
 Surely the mercy I have sought
 Is not for such as I.

But whither can I go ;
 There is no other pool
 Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow
 To make a sinner whole.

Here then from day to day,
 I'll wait and hope and try ;
 Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
 Yet suffer him to die ?

No : he is full of grace ;
 He never will permit
 A soul, that fain would see his face,
 To perish at his feet.

193 *Looking unto Christ.* 8.7.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend ;
 Life and health and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying Friend.
 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing,
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie ;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye ;
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe :
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.

May I still enjoy this feeling,

In all need to Jesus go;

Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know!

194 *The name of Jesus.* C.M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

195 *Morning.* S.M.

TO Thee, O Lord, I give,

Myself this day anew,

As thy own ransom, dearly bought

Thy spoil and purchase due;

That with me Thou may'st do
 What's pleasing in thy sight ;
 And from me take whate'er Thou wilt,
 Whate'er Thou see'st not right.

How very weak I am
 My Savior well can see ;
 Ah ! how exceeding short I fall
 Of what I ought to be.
 Compassionate High-Priest,
 To Thee I must appeal ;
 My numberless infirmities,
 Oh kindly haste to heal !

It is his daily care
 His helpless sheep to feed ;
 To purify their spotted souls,
 And tend and gently lead :
 This makes me firmly trust
 Thou'l lead me farther still ;
 And guard me safe throughout the way
 That leads to Zion's hill.

Thou hast me, sinner poor,
 Snatch'd to thy heart in haste,
 With tend'rest mercy fetch'd me home,
 And grav'd me on thy breast.
 My business then is this,
 Oh may I it fulfil !
 Thee to exalt with all my strength,
 And eye Thee only still.

196 *Morning or Evening.* C.M.

JESUS, the Savior of my soul,
 Be Thou my heart's delight ;
 Ever to me the same remain,
 My joy by day and night.

Hungry and thirsty after Thee,
 May I be found each hour ;
 Humble in heart, and happy kept
 By thine Almighty power.

Oh ! may I never once forget
 What a poor worm I am ;
 From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
 The blood of God's dear Lamb.

May thy blest Spirit, in my heart,
 Most sweetly shed abroad
 The love of my incarnate God,
 Who bought me with his blood.

The myst'ry of redeeming love
 Be ever dear to me ;
 And may the flesh and blood of Christ
 My daily manna be.

197 *Alarm.* 7.6.7.

STOP, poor sinner ! stop and think,
 Before you farther go ;
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe ?
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of a blood-crimson die ;
 Each for vengeance crying loud,
 And what can you reply ?

Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose ?
 Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes ?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 When He judgment shall proclaim,
 And the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame ?

Tho' your heart be made of steel,
 Your forehead lin'd with brass,
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass :
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Tho' they now despise his grace)
 " Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."

But as yet there is a hope,
 You may his mercy know ;
 Tho' his arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow :
 'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
 Sinners He invites to come ;
 None who come shall be denied,
 He says, " There still is room."

198 *Parting.* C.M.

THRO' Christ when we together came
 In singleness of heart,
 We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
 And in thy name we part.

We part in body, not in mind,
 Our minds continue one,
 And each to each in Jesus join'd,
 We happily go on.

Present we still in Spirit are,
 And intimately nigh ;
 While on the wings of faith and prayer,
 We Abba, Father, cry.

Oh ! may thy Spirit, dearest Lord,
 In all our travels, still
 Direct, and be our constant guard
 To Zion's holy hill.

Oh, what a joyful meeting there,
Beyond these changing shades !
White are the robes we then shall wear,
And crowns upon our heads.

Haste, Lord, and bring us to the day
When we shall dwell at home :
Come, O Redeemer, come away ;
O Jesus, quickly come !

199 *Affliction.* 8s.

ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine :
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load ;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease ;
The blood of atonement apply ;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I :
Speak, Savior, for sweet is thy voice ;
Thy presence is fair to behold :
I thirst for thy Spirit with cries,
And groanings that cannot be told.

If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep :
While harrass'd, and cast from thy sight,
The tempter, suggests with a roar,
“ The Lord hath forsaken thee quite ;
Thy God will be gracious no more.”

Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
 No covenant blessing for me,
 Ah, tell me, how is it I find
 Some sweetness in waiting for Thee ?
 Almighty to rescue Thou art ;
 Thy grace is my only resource ;
 If e'er Thou art Lord of my heart,
 Thy Spirit must take it by force.

200 *The Christian's Journey* 8s.

STRANGERS and sojourners below,
 We travel through this wilderness,
 Seeking the promis'd rest to know,
 In Christ the fountain of true bliss :
 We seek a place beyond the skies,
 An everlasting paradise.

In this pursuit we stand in need
 Of daily fresh supplies of grace ;
 Our souls with manna Christ must feed,
 While we his leading footsteps trace :
 So shall each pilgrim gladly move
 Onward unto his home above.

No earthly bliss is worth our stay,
 Or struggle for another breath ;
 These comforts vanish and decay,
 And yield no solid joy in death :
 While others, vain delights pursue,
 We taste God's love for ever new.

His cross inflicts the deadly blow,
 And crucifies each rebel sin :
 Peace, love, and joy, hence richly flow.
 And cause sweet melody within.
 Dependent on the God of power,
 We glory in a suff'ring hour.

The new Jerusalem appears,
 Her citizens resplendent shine ;
 For God hath wip'd away her tears,
 And fill'd them with the life divine :
 With them may we his glory see,
 And praise him thro' eternity.

201 *Weak Believers encouraged.* S.M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take ;
 Loud, to the praise of love divine,
 Bid ev'ry string awake.

Tho' in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home,
 And nearer to our house above
 We ev'ry moment come.

His grace will to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine ;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.

Fasten'd within the veil,
 Hope be your anchor strong ;
 His loving Spirit, the sweet gale
 That wafts you smooth along.

Or should the surges rise,
 And peace delay to come ;
 Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
 That drives us nearer home.

The people of his choice
 He will not cast away ;
 Yet do not always here expect
 On Tabor's Mount to stay.

When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heav'nly flame,
 Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon his name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at his controul :
 His loving kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.

202 *Part Second.*

No wonder, when God's love
 Pervades your kindling breast,
 You wish for ever to retain
 The heart-transporting guest.

Yet learn, in ev'ry state,
 To make his will your own :
 And when the joys of sense depart,
 To walk by faith alone.

By anxious fear depress'd,
 When from the deep ye mourn,
 "Lord, why so hasty to depart,
 So tedious in return."

Still on his plighted love,
 At all events rely ;
 The very hidings of his face
 Shall train thee up to joy.

Wait, till the shadows flee ;
 Wait, thy appointed hour :
 Wait, till the bridegroom of thy soul
 Reveals his love with power.

The time of love will come,
 When thou shalt clearly see,
 Not only that he shed his blood,
 But that it flow'd for thee.

Tarry his leisure then,
Altho' he seem to stay ;
A moment's intercourse with him
Thy grief will overpay.

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee :
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

203 *Rest in Heaven.* C.M.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known ;
A rest were pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art lov'd alone.

Celestial Spirit, make me know
That I shall enter in :
Now, Savior, now the pow'r bestow,
And wash me from my sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

Come, O my Savior, come away,
Into my soul descend ;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author, and my end.

204 *Enquiring the Way to Heaven.* 8s.

TELL me, ye souls, who now appear
In milky robes, and joyful stand
Around the throne, from danger far,
In triumph at the Lord's right hand ;
How did you in those courts arrive ?
For in those courts I fain would live.

And thou, fair Hebrew captive, well
 Esteem'd in Babel's stately court,
 Greatly beloved Daniel, tell,
 How didst thou gain the heav'nly port ?
 And let thy fellows, princely wise,
 Relate their way to Paradise.

Chief minister to Gentiles sent,
 Once persecutor of the faith
 Of Christ, whose days so much were spent
 In doing good, describe the path
 Which led Thee to the shining prize,
 That I may trace Thee to the skies.

Could I, amidst th' angelic choir,
 Like favor'd John to heav'n soar,
 Of ev'ry saint would I enquire,
 How they attain'd that happy shore :
 "They all (to John the word was giv'n)
 "Through tribulation came to heav'n."

205 *Happiness of Heaven.* 11s.

BLEST Spirits above, whose garments appear
 Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb
 clean and fair ;
 You now in full triumph his conquests can sing,
 And I, a poor pilgrim, my mite will cast in.

Like him you do shine, and him face to face see
 I envy you not when by faith he meets me :
 His smiles you enjoy, now unclad from your
 clay,
 He loves me, and pities my sorrows each day.

You hail him in light, at his feet your crowns fall,
 At his feet as a sinner I there find my all ;
 He now makes my heav'n while earth me sur-
 rounds, [bounds.
 Like a hart o'er these mountains he skips and he

My griefs and my sorrows his tender heart bears,
In fellowship sweet I cast on Him my cares;
On his bosom my head shall recline night and
day,
With him I will suffer while here I do stay.

He soon shall exchange this vile body of mine,
With yours to be fashion'd in glory divine;
From earth into heaven his praises I'll bear,
His death and his merits our joys shall declare.

206 *Growth in Grace.* 10s.

SINNERS' Redeemer, whom we only love;
Father of Thine below, and Thine above;
Brother of worms, who earthly vessels bear,
Savior of happy souls, who simple are.

O let us, day by day, with rapture feel
What grace, what love is, what thy Spirit's seal;
What fervent zeal that prudently aspires,
What heav'nly drawings, what seraphic fires!

A manly spirit too, dear Lord, impart;
A face anointed, and a glowing heart;
Let all our pow'rs speak forth an holy shame,
And inward life, and cheerfulness proclaim.

207 *Jesus our High Priest.* C.M.

JESUS, our great High Priest and Head,
Cloth'd with our flesh and blood,
Who still dost intercede for us
Before the throne of God.

We know Thou never can'st forget
 Thy poor weak members here ;
 But when we suffer in the least,
 A part with us Thou'l bear.

Thou with great tenderness art touch'd
 At what thy children feel ;
 When by temptations we are press'd,
 Thou know'st our suff'rings well.

Thou hast a tender sympathy
 With ev'ry smart and pain ;
 For when Thou wast a man on earth,
 Thou didst our griefs sustain.

And though Thou art exalted now,
 Yet to us Thou art near :
 Thou know'st our weaknesses and wants,
 And list'nest to our prayer.

Nor only *to* us art Thou nigh,
 But *with* us Thou art one :
 O wondrous condescending grace,
 One Spirit, flesh, and bone !

What shall we say for this thy love,
 But low adoring lie ;
 And thank Thee that Thou wast a man,
 To all eternity.

208 *Stability of the Covenant.* L.M.

REJOICE, ye saints, in ev'ry state,
 Divine decrees remain unmov'd ,
 No turns of providence abate
 God's care for those he once hath lov'd.

Firmer than heav'n his cov'nant stands,
 Tho' earth should shake, and skies depart.
 You're safe in your Redeemer's hands
 Who bears your names upon his heart.

Our surety knows for whom he stood,
And gave himself a sacrifice :
The souls, *once* sprinkled with his blood,
Possess a life that *never* dies.

Tho' darkness spread around our tent,
Tho' fear prevail, and joy decline,
God will not of his oath repent ;
Dear Lord, thy people still are Thine.

209 *Nativity.* L.M.

JESUS, all praise is due to Thee,
That thou wast pleas'd a man to be !
A Virgin's womb Thou didst not scorn,
And angels shout to see Thee born.

The blessed Father's only Son,
Chuseth a manger for his throne :
And, tho' the High and Mighty God,
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood.

Whom earth could not contain, nor skies,
In low estate the Savior lies ;
And who the world's foundation laid,
Is now a little Infant made.

The Father's brightness comes in sight,
Gives to the world its saving light ;
And drives the clouds of sin away,
To make us children of the day.

The Son th' Almighty God confess'd,
In his own world became a guest ;
And open'd through himself the way,
A passage to eternal day.

And therefore poor on earth he came,
That we might all his riches claim,
To make us heirs of endless bliss,
With all those chosen saints of his.

For us these wonders he hath wrought,
To shew his love, surpassing thought!
Then let us all unite to sing
Praise to our loving God and King.

Hallelujah!

210 *Nativity.* L.M.

YE simple men of heart sincere, [night,
Shepherds, who watch your flocks by
Start not to see an angel near,
Nor tremble at this glorious light.

An herald from the heav'nly King
I come, your ev'ry fear to chase ;
Good tidings of great joy I bring,
Great joy unto the fallen race.

For you is born on this glad day,
A Savior by our host ador'd ;
Our God in Bethlehem survey,
Make haste to worship Christ the Lo

By this the Savior of mankind,
Th' incarnate God, shall be display'd,
In swathes the Infant ye shall find,
And humbly in a manger laid.

211 *The good Shepherd.* C.M.

THOU Savior, my good Shepherd art,
Thy voice, dear Lord, I know ;
When justice aim'd the sword at me,
Thy heart receiv'd the blow.

My heart was broke with shame and grief,
Thy pity felt my pain,
Bound up my wounds, my strength renew'd
And gave me health again.

"Thou me dost lead and gently tend,
And feed in pastures good,
And bring me to the living stream,
Of thy most precious blood.

Thy blood ! Oh pleasing sound to me,
And all thy helpless sheep ;
There lies my sure defence by day,
My shelter when I sleep.

212 *Christ the only Refuge.* 8s.

To whom should I fly for relief ?
To him that hath lov'd me so well ;
And who, when I sink into grief,
Doth all my infirmities feel.
O Lover of sinners, on Thee
My burden of trouble I cast ;
Whose care and compassion for me,
For ever and ever shall last.

Thine anger for what I have done,
O Father, I mournfully bear ;
But look to thy innocent Son,
Who ever intreats Thee to spare.
Be mindful of Jesus and me ;
He suffer'd, my pardon to buy,
And what he procur'd on the tree,
Demands for his people on high.

213 *The Christian's Race.* L.M.

A WAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone,
Awake and run the heav'ly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
 Is ever new, and ever young,
 And firm endures while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

214 *Crucifixion.* L.M.

THE cross ! The cross ! Oh that's my gain,
 Because on that the Lamb was slain ;
 'Twas there my Lord was crucified :
 'Twas there my Savior for me died.

What wondrous cause could move thy heart,
 To take on Thee my curse and smart,
 Well knowing that my soul would be,
 So cold, so negligent of Thee ?

The cause was love, I sink with shame,
 Before my sacred Jesu's name, [be
 That thou should'st bleed and slaughter'd
 Because—because Thou lovedst me.

215 *Everlasting Love.* 8s.

NOW I have found the blessed ground
 Where my soul's anchor may remain,
 The Lamb of God, who for my sin
 Was from the world's foundation slain,
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

O love, thou bottomless abyss !

My sins are swallow'd up in Thee ;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,

From condemnation now I'm free,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.

By faith I plunge me in this sea ;

Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,

And look unto my Savior's breast :
Away sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is only written there.

Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,

Tho' strength and health and friends be
gone,

Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead,

Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn ;
Stedfast on this my soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

Fix'd on this ground will I remain,

Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,

When earth's foundations melt away ;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love !

216 *After Sermon 8. 7. 4.*

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :

O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us, evermore, be found.

So whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 We shall surely
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

217 *Looking to Jesus crucified.* L.M.

LADEN with guilt, sinners, arise,
 And view the bleeding sacrifice ;
 Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
 And bids the poor and needy come.

Beneath his people's crimes He stood,
 Sign'd their acquittances in blood ;
 Herein God's justice is appeas'd ;
 Sinners, look up, and be releas'd.

Mercy, trath, peace, and righteousness,
 Beam from the Reconciler's face ;
 Here look till love dissolve your heart,
 And bid your slavish fears depart.

Oh ! quit the world's delusive charms,
 And quickly fly to Jesu's arms ;
 Wrestle until your God is known,
 'Till you can call the Lord your own.

218 *Invitation.* L.M.

HO ! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
 ('Tis God invites the fallen race)
 Mercy and free salvation buy,
 Buy wine and milk and gospel grace.

Come to the living waters come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice ;
Return, ye weary wanderers home
And in redeeming love rejoice.

See, from the rock, a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.

Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all you have, and are, behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

219 *Looking to Jesus.* 104th.

HOW glorious the Lamb
Is seen on his throne !
His labors are o'er,
His battles are won :
A kingdom is giv'n
Into the Lamb's hand,
His children in heaven
For ever shall stand.

Then sinners below,
Oh trust in the Lord ;
Look up to his arm,
His honor, his word ;
Athirst for his favor,
His Godhead adore ;
Look up to your Savior,
And joy evermore.

220 *Public Worship.* 7s.

LORD we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
Oh ! do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek, thee, Lord, in vain ?

Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay ;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow ;
Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those that weep and mourn
Let the time of joy return ;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.
Grant that those who seek, may find
Thee a God divinely kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

221 *The Sinner's only Hope.* 7.6.7.

WHOM have I in heav'n but Thee
That can thy creature bless ?
What were all the earth to me
If stranger to thy peace ?
All is vanity but Christ,
Pain and darkness and despair,
Rankling in a sinner's breast,
Till Thou art present there.

If my Lord his love reveal,
No other bliss I want ;
He my ev'ry wound can heal
And silence each complaint :

He that suffer'd in my stead
 Must the great Physician be :
 I cannot be comforted,
 Till comforted by Thee.

Thee, Thou know'st, I wish to love,
 For which thy name I bless ;
 Pour thy Spirit from above
 Upon my waiting fleece !
 Gentle as descending dew,
 Welcome as reviving show'rs ;
 Let him my election shew,
 And gild my gloomy hours.

Yet if, Lord, Thou seest fit,
 'Tis best for me to mourn,
 Still my hold I cannot quit,
 Nor from my refuge turn ;
 This, thro' grace my song shall be,
 As I to thy kingdom go,
 Whom have I in heav'n but Thee,
 And whom but Thee below.

222 *Unbounded Mercy.* 8s.

O THOU whose mercy knows no bound,
 (Else hadst Thou ne'er redeem'd thy foe)
 Whose love's a fathomless profound,
 Which known, we wish still more to know;
 That mercy, Lord, that love reveal,
 And let thy Spirit stamp thy seal,

From wav'ring doubts, from chilling fear,
 Save us, Thou God of truth and light ;
 Thy word is sure, O bring it near,
 Nor let us mourn in endless night ;
 Let the day dawn, the day-star rise,
 And pour all heav'n upon our eyes.

Far off thy cross we dimly view,
 Nor know our int'rest in thy blood ;
 Whilst thus our hearts thy grace pursue,
 Oh, let us feel the present God :
 Come, come like light'ning from the east.
 Warm, animate each drooping breast.

Behold, like wax before the fire,
 Our melting hearts dissolve with grief ;
 To Thee, O Lord, is our desire,
 From Thee alone we hope relief ;
 Thy mercy and thy love reveal,
 And let thy Spirit stamp the seal.

223 *Boundless Love.* L.M.

HOW shall I speak my Savior's worth,
 Or tell the love he bears to me ?
 Shall I begin to sing his birth,
 And follow him to Calvary ?

Yes, this I'll tell my brethren dear,
 And call them to receive his grace ;
 For now his righteousness is near,
 And free for all who seek his face.

His tender arms are open still,
 Returning sinners to receive ;
 Steady his mind, and fix'd his will,
 To save whoever shall believe.

Ye pris'ners, to the refuge fly,
 And find a covert from the storm ;
 Why should you languish here and die,
 When sav'd you may be from all harm ?

He waits with pardon in his hand,
 And longs that you the same may share ,
 Come, sinners, at his mild command ;
 His name forbids your hearts to fear

224 *God is Love.* P.M.

LORD, thine image Thou hast lent me,
In thy never-failing love ;
When I fell, yet Thou hast sent me
Full redemption from above ;
Sacred love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

Love ! to bliss Thou hast ordained
Me, e'er I began to be ;
God of Love, Thou'st not disdained
To become a man like me :
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever thine.

Love ! who hast for me endured
All the pains of death and hell .
Love ! whose sufferings have procured
More for me than tongue can tell ;
Sacred love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

Love ! my life and my salvation,
Light and truth, eternal word !
Thou alone dost consolation
To my sinking soul afford :
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever thine.

To thy blessed yoke Thou'rt tying
Me with cords of grace and love,
While my heart is ever crying ;
May I true and faithful prove :
Sacred love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

Love ! who wilt for ever love me,
Intercessor for my soul !

Who sustain'st me light or heavy,
On the priestly breast and roll ;
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever thine.

Love ! who wilt hereafter raise me,
From the grave, a bed of dust ;
Love ! whose final zeal arrays me
With a garment 'mong the just ;
Sacred love ! I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

225 Panting after God. 8s.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows ;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose :
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with Thee my heart to share
Oh ! take it thence and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there ;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

Oh hide this self from me, that I,
No more, but Christ in me may live !
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive :
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

O love ! thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from distracting care,
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there :
Make me, thy dutious child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry

Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul and say,
 I am thy love, thy God, thy all !
 To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love, be all my choice.

226 *Triumph of Faith.* 11s.

THE God of salvation, Jehovah by name,
 Who yesterday, now, and for ever's the same,
 From guilt and from hell me a sinner hath sav'd,
 And death of its sting, hath my Jesus bereav'd ;

Death's name and his conquests no longer I fear,
 His might and pale aspect ev'n lovely appear ;
 Depriv'd of his power, with all his sad train,
 My Jesus is King, and for ever must reign.

His blood is my ransom, the captive is his,
 Redeem'd from my bondage to enter on bliss ;
 A Son by new birth, by adoption an heir,
 The kingdom of glory with Jesus to share.

His Spirit, as witness, as earnest, and seal
 Of all these rich blessings, I inwardly feel ;
 His whispers divine do my freedom proclaim,
 And open a union with God and the Lamb.

An union whose bonds are both stedfast and sure,
 In which I, thro' grace, can live happy tho' poor ;
 The bridegroom's embraces with rapture I know,
 And all thro' the blood which from Jesus did flow.

What tho' I'm so helpless, I know he'll supply
 My weakness with grace, and I on him rely;
 And I shall be happy the Lord to adore,
 To praise him now henceforth, and for evermore.

227 *Invitation.* 8s.

SWEET as the shepherd's tuneful reed
 From Sion's mount I heard the sound :
 Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead,
 And gladden'd nature smil'd around ;
 The voice of peace salutes mine ear ;
 Christ's lovely voice perfumes the air.

Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
 Hath taught these rocks the note of woe !
 Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
 And let thy tears forget to flow.
 Behold, the precious balm is found,
 Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound..

Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
 Unburthen here the weighty load ;
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
 Safe on the bosom of thy God :
 Thy God's thy Savior ! Glorious word !
 Who sheaths th' avenger's slitt'ring sword.

As spring the winter, day ne night,
 Peace, sorrow's gloom shall chase away ;
 And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
 Shall tend thy steps, and near Thee stay ;
 Whilst glory weaves th' immortal crown,
 And waits to claim Thee for her own.

228 *Sovereignty of Christ.* 8.7.

JESUS, whose almighty sceptre
Rules creation all around,
In whose bowels, love and mercy,
Grace and pity full are found ;
In my spirit rule and conquer,
There set up thine endless throne ;
Win my heart from ev'ry creature,
Thee to love, and Thee alone.

In thy strength I'd only conquer,
In thy righteousness confide ;
Wise and simple in thy wisdom,
Strong and dauntless by thy side ;
In thy bleeding wounds most happy,
Nought will do for wretched me,
But a Savior full of mercy,
Dying, innocent, and free.

Climb, my soul, unto the mounatin,
Ever blessed Calvary,
See the wounded victim bleeding,
Nailed to th' accursed tree :
Love to miserable sinners,
Love unfathom'd, love to death,
Was the only end and motive,
To resign his gracious breath.

229 *Thanksgiving.* 104th.

YE servants of God, your master pro-
claim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name ;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, Almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh, his presence we have :
The great congregation his triumph shal-
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
 Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son :
 Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces and worship the
 Lamb.

Then let us adore and give him his right,
 All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
 All honor and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

230 *Lamentation.* C.M.

AUTHOR of true and saving faith,
 That grace to me impart ;
 Grant me an int'rest in thy death,
 A new believing heart.

Dismiss my griefs, my sorrows end,
 My reas'ning's voice control ;
 Approve thyself the sinner's Friend,
 And bless my helpless soul.

Long have I sought thy peace to find,
 But all my search was vain,
 For unbelief still veil'd my mind,
 And dwelling, gnaw'd within.

At times thy word's attracting beams
 Have drawn my soul above,
 Diffusing thro' my heart the strains
 Of everlasting love.

Sometimes I've had a little taste,
 And thought thy coming nigh,
 But ah ! the blessing did not last,
 The visitant pass'd by.

And must I ever mourning go,
 A stranger to thy love ?
 Shall I be join'd with saints below,
 And not with saints above ?

Shall I beneath thy gospel stay,
 And hear the call of grace,
 And at the awful judgment day
 Be banish'd from thy face?

Oh! may I feel a glimm'ring hope,
 E'er long Thou wilt me bless,
 And at the last wilt raise me up,
 A kingdom to possess.

231 *Faith in Exercise.* S.M.

MY Savior, Thou didst shed
 Thy precious blood for me;
 Oh dwell within my worthless heart,
 And let me live to Thee!

Thou callest me, O Lord,
 To come to Thee and live,
 I therefore come with all my sins,
 I know Thou canst forgive.

My Lord and Savior dear,
 I long to see thy face,
 To know Thee more and more by faith,
 And daily grow in grace.

And when this life is o'er,
 Oh may I dwell with Thee,
 Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,
 Who liv'd and died for me.

232 *Redemption.* 8. 8. 6.

BRIDE of the Lamb, up to the skies
 Let daily praise like incense rise,
 To join with theirs above.
 Worthy is he who once was slain,
 A race of rebels to regain,
 To have our choicest love.

Into this ark, with great amaze,
 The winged seraphs wond'ring, gaze,
 Redeeming love to trace :
 Should mortals, who in part have found
 Redemption through the Savior's wounds,
 Refuse to shout free grace ?

Cry then to our Redeemer dear,
 He loves his people's voice to hear,
 They are his joy and crown ;
 E'er long we him in clouds shall see,
 Clothed in pomp, and majesty,
 His ransomed flock to own.

Show'r down thy grace, O Jesus, now,
 Through ev'ry vessel let it flow,
 Each sick'ning plant to cheer :
 Rooted in Thee, O may we stand
 Unshaken, waiting thy command,
 And love thy voice to hear.

Freedom to ev'ry soul proclaim ;
 In ev'ry heart, O Jesus, reign,
 And set the prisoners free :
 Now, Lord, relieve each burden'd mind,
 And give us all with joy to find
 Eternal life in Thee.

233 *Before Sermon.* 8. 8. 6.

O JESUS, now we humbly pray,
 Be gracious to thy church to-day,
 Thy saving health impart ;
 The dew of heaven on us distil,
 With love each empty vessel fill,
 And cheer the drooping heart.

Cut every cord that binds us here,
 Us from our ev'ry hind'rance tear,
 Give each a single heart ;
 Give grace to tread down self and sin,
 Give grace eternal life to win,
 E'er we from hence depart.

234 *Redeeming Love* 104th.

OUR Shepherd alone,
 The Lord, let us bless,
 Who reigns on the throne,
 The Prince of our peace ;
 Who evermore saves us
 By shedding his blood ;
 All hail, holy Jesus,
 Our Lord and our God.

We daily will sing
 Thy glory, thy praise,
 Thou merciful spring
 Of pity and grace ;
 Thy kindness for ever
 To men we will tell,
 And say our dear Savior,
 Redeems us from hell.

Preserve us in love,
 While here we abide ;
 Nor ever remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide
 Thy glorious salvation,
 Till joyful we see
 The beautiful vision
 Completed in Thee.

235 *Aspiring after Christ. 8.M.*

O PATIENT, spotless Lamb !
 My heart in patience keep,
 To bear the cross so easy made
 By wounding Thee so deep.

Bring me, my Shepherd, where
 Thy choicest flocks abide ;
 From wand'ring save my foolish heart,
 And keep it near thy side.

My Friend, Thou hast enough
 My mis'ry to relieve ;
 Tho' sin and guilt oppress me sore,
 The balm is thine to give.

Do Thou, my Lord, unite
 My heart so firm to Thee,
 That ev'ry where, and at all times,
 Thy love my all may be.

236 *Christ's presence delightful. 10s.*

O DEAREST Savior ! please to look on me,
 And draw my heart with cords of love to
 Thee ;
 O save me from this world's ensnaring bait,
 And grant that I may humbly on Thee wait.

Thou know'st how apt I am, O Lord, to change.
 How oft my thoughts on worldly objects range,
 Keep them, dear Jesus, keep them constantly,
 Steady, unshaken, ever fix'd on Thee.

Sometimes I taste of thy refreshing grace,
 And then for other things there is no place ;
 My heart doth sweetly flow with love to Thee,
 I prove the grace for ev'ry comer free.

Oh that I were but always in this frame ;
 How could I love and praise my Savior's
 Thus, thus, O Jesus, let it ever be, [name !
 Then will I sing thy praise eternally.

237 *Christ bore our Griefs.* 8. 8. 6.

THINK now, dear Jesus, on the pain,
 The toil, the smart, Thou didst sustain
 To ransom my poor heart ;
 Kindly, dear Lamb, return and come,
 And make my heart thy constant home,
 Nor ever more depart.

No more let sable clouds of night
 Arise to intercept my light,
 Or earth my heart detain ;
 By thy dear cross still let me stay,
 Here let me sing each happy day,
 And die to live again.

238 *Meditation on God's Love.* C.M.

WHEN langour and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
 And long to fly away.

Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of his love ;
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book set down ;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.

Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember, that his blood
 My debt of suff'ring paid.

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
 Which saves from second death ;
 Sweet to experience day by day
 His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on his covenant of grace
 For all things to depend.

Sweet in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands
 And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from Thee.

239 *In Darkness of Soul.* 8s.

COME, holy, celestial Dove,
 And visit a sorrowful breast,
 My burden of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest :
 Thou only hast pow'r to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,
 The sense of election to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

With me if of old Thou hast strove,
 And kindly withheld me from sin,
 Resolv'd by the force of thy love,
 My worthless affections to win :
 The work of thy mercy revive,
 Invincible mercy exert,
 And keep my weak graces alive,
 And set up thy rest in my heart.

Thy call if I ever have known,
 And sigh'd from myself to get free,
 And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
 And long'd to be happy in Thee ;
 Fulfil the imperfect desire,
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal ;
 The sense of thy favor inspire,
 And give me my pardon to feel.

If when I have put Thee to grief,
 And madly to folly return'd,
 Thy goodness hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourn'd :
 Compassionate Spirit of grace,
 Relieve me again, and restore ;
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall and to grieve Thee no more.

If now I lament after God,
 And long for a sense of thy love ;
 If Jesus hath paid down his blood,
 To gain me a mansion above :
 Come, heav'nly Comforter come,
 Sweet witness of mercy divine ;
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally Thine.

240 *Invitation.* C.M.

O H what amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found !
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who knows the joyful sound.

Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
 Are freely welcome here ;
 Salvation like a river rolls,
 Abundant, free, and clear.

Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
 Your every burden bring ;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds ;
 A deep, celestial spring,
 “ *Whoever will,*” (Oh gracious word !)
 Shall of this stream partake :
 Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
 And drink for Jesu’s sake.

This spring with living water flows,
 And living joy imparts ;
 Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
 And drink with thankful hearts.

Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace ;
 Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

To Him, who gives our souls to feel
 The drawings of his love,
 Be constant praise while here we dwell,
 And nobler songs above.

241 *Comfort of God’s Love.* C.M.

THE world can neither give nor take,
 Nor can they comprehend
 That peace of God, which Christ hath bought,
 That peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consum’d,
 Whilst God remained there,
 The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
 Found fire as soft as air.

God’s furnace doth in Zion stand,
 But Zion’s God sits by,
 As the refiner views his gold,
 With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
 His wounds a cure intend ;
 And though he doth not always smile,
 He loves unto the end.

His love is constant as the sun,
 Tho' clouds come oft between ;
 And could my faith but pierce these clouds,
 It might be always seen.

Yet I shall ever, ever sing,
 And Thou for ever shine ;
 I have thine own dear pledge for this,
 Lord, Thou art ever mine.

242 *Morning.* 8.6.6.

RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker !
 Angels praise,
 Join thy lays,
 With them be partaker.

Father, Lord of every spirit,
 In thy light,
 Lead me right,
 Thro' my Savior's merit.

O my Jesus, God Almighty,
 Pray for me,
 'Till I see
 Thee in Salem's city.

Holy Ghost, divine Instructor,
 Guide me still ;
 Let thy will
 Be my sole conductor.

Thou this night wast my protector,
 With me stay
 All the day,
 Ever my director.

Holy, holy, holy Giver
 Of all good,
 Life and food,
 Reign ador'd for ever.

Glory, honor, thanks, and blessing,
 One in Three,
 Give we Thee,
 Never, never ceasing.

243 *Evening.* 8. 6. 6.

BE I sleep, for every favor
 This day shew'd
 By my God,
 I will bless my Savior.

O my Lord, what shall I render
 To thy name,
 Still the same,
 Gracious, good, and tender!

Leave me not, but ever love me;
 Let thy peace
 Be my bliss,
 Till Thou hence remove me.

Visit me with thy salvation;
 Let thy care
 Still be near,
 Round my habitation.

Be my rock, my guard, my tower;
 Safely keep,
 While I sleep,
 Me with all thy power.

Save, O! save me from the hidings
 Of thy face!
 Let thy grace
 Cancel my backslidings.

So whene'er in death I slumber,
 I shall rise
 With the wise,
 Counted in their number.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Let me know
 Thee below,
 Thee above inherit.

244 Safety of God's People. 6.7.8.

GOD, the omnipresent God,
 Our strength and refuge stands :
 Mighty to support our load,
 And bear us in his hands :
 Readiest when we need him most,
 When to him distress'd we cry ;
 All who on his mercy trust,
 Shall find deliverance nigh.

God most merciful, most high,
 Doth in his Sion dwell ;
 Kept by him, her tow'rs defy
 The strength of earth and hell :
 Built on her eternal rock,
 Who shall her foundation move ?
 Who her great defender shock,
 Th' Almighty God of love ?

All that on this rock are stay'd,
 The world assaults in vain ;
 Ever present with his aid,
 He shall his own sustain ;
 Guardian of the chosen race,
 Jesus doth his church defend ;
 Saves them by his timely grace,
 And saves them to the end

For his people in distress
 The God of Jacob stands ;
 Bears us, till our troubles cease,
 In his almighty hands ;
 He for us his pow'r hath shewn,
 He doth still our refuge prove ;
 Jacob's God still loves his own,
 And will for ever love.

245 *Public Worship.* L.M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
 Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
 And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

For Thou, within no walls confin'd,
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;
 Such ever bring Thee, where they come,
 And going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew ;
 Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

Oh ! let thine all-commanding word,
 Bid Sion stretch her cords abroad ;
 Come then, and fill that wider space.
 And bless her with a large increase.

Lord, manifest that Thou art near ;
 Nor short thy arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
 Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
 And let thy saving pow'r be known.

246 *Faith.* L.M.

EMBARK'D upon a stormy sea,
Jesus, aloud we call for Thee ;
Say to the raging waves, be still,
And shew that they obey thy will.

Now we are sinking to the deep,
Tho' Jesus seems to be asleep ;
He wants but to be call'd to come,
And bear us to our destin'd home.

To pray by faith is Gilead's balm,
For so the Lord can make it calm ;
The winds and waves obey his word,
And shew that He's the sov'reign Lord.

247 *Elijah fed by Ravens.* 8s.

ELIJAH's example declares,
Whatever distress may betide ;
The saints may commit all their cares
To Him who will surely provide :
When rain long withheld from the earth,
Occasion'd a famine of bread,
The prophet secure from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.

More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens who live upon prey :
But when the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way :
This instance to those may seem strange,
Who know not how faith can prevail ;
But sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of God's promises fail.

Nor is it a singular case,
The wonder is often renew'd ;
And many can say, to his praise,
He sends them by ravens their food :

Thus worldlings, tho' ravens indeed,
 Tho' greedy and selfish their mind,
 If God has a servant to feed,
 Against their own wills can be kind.

Thus Satan, that raven unclean,
 Who croaks in the ears of the saints,
 Compell'd by a power unseen,
 Administers oft to their wants :
 God teaches them how to find food
 From all the temptations they feel,
 This raven, who thirsts for my blood,
 Has help'd me to many a meal.

How safe and how happy are they
 Who on the good Shepherd rely ;
 He gives them out strength for their day
 Their wants he will surely supply :
 He, ravens and lions can tame,
 All creatures obey his command ,
 Then let me rejoice in his name,
 And leave all my cares in his hand.

248 *The good Physician.* C.M.

PHYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
 To thee I bring my case ;
 My raging malady control,
 And heal me by thy grace.

Pity the anguish I endure,
 See how I mourn and pine ;
 For never can I hope a cure
 From any hand but Thine.

I would disclose my whole complaint,
 But where shall I begin ?
 No words of mine can fully paint,
 That worst distemper, sin.

Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free ;
Say, canst Thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to love like me ?

249 *Sacrament.* 8s.

ENCOURAG'D by the word of grace,
We meet Thee at thy table, Lord,
Oh ! let us see thy smiling face,
And one reviving look afford :
To us the bread of life be giv'n,
The bread which cometh down from heav'n.
We are unworthy, we confess,
One crumb of children's bread to taste ;
But clothed in thy righteousness
We humbly venture to the feast.
Amidst thy saints, dear Lord appear.
And manifest thy presence here.
With heav'nly food our souls refresh,
To us be known in breaking bread :
Tasting the symbol of thy flesh,
May we on purchas'd mercy feed :
Remind us how thy precious blood
Was shed to seal our peace with God.

250 *Sacrament.* S.M.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board ;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

For food, he gives his flesh ;
He bids us drink his blood ;
Amazing favor ! matchless grace
Of our redeeming God.

Let all our pow'rs be join'd
 His glorious name to raise ;
 Pleasure and love fill every mind,
 And every voice be praise.

251 *Sacrament.* L.M.

PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
 Who would believe thy gracious word
 But own my heart, with shame and grief,
 A sink of sin and unbelief.

Lord, in thy house I read there's room,
 And vent'ring hard behold I come ;
 But can there, tell me, can there be,
 Amongst thy children, room for me ?

I eat the bread and drink the wine,
 But oh ! my soul wants more than sign,
 I faint unless I feed on Thee,
 And drink thy blood as shed for me.

For sinners, Lord, Thou cam'st to bleed ;
 And I'm a sinner vile indeed !
 Lord, I believe thy grace is free :
 Oh, magnify it now in me.

252 *Sacrament.* 7s.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
 Break, by Jesu's cross subdu'd
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Cover'd with a gore of blood ;
 Sinsful soul, what hast thou done ?
 Murder'd God's eternal Son !

Yes, our sins have done the deed,
 Drove the nails that fix him here ;
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head,
 Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear ;
 Made his soul a sacrifice :
 For a sinful world he dies !

Shall I let him die in vain ?
 Still to death pursue my God !
 Open, tear his wounds again,
 Trample on his precious blood ?
 No ; with all my sins I'll part :
 Jesu's love hath broke my heart.

253 *Sacrament.* 7. 6.

JESUS, master of the feast,
 The feast itself Thou art ;
 Now receive the meanest guest,
 And comfort ev'ry heart !
 Give us living bread to eat,
 Manna that from heav'n comes down,
 Fill us with immortal meat,
 And make thy nature known !

In this barren wilderness
 Thou hast a table spread,
 Furnish'd with the richest grace,
 Whate'er our souls can need ;
 Still sustain us by thy love,
 Still thy servants strength repair,
 Till we reach the courts above,
 And feast for ever there.

254 *Sacrament.* C.M.

THAT doleful night before his death,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Did almost with his latest breath
 This solemn feast ordain.

To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,
 And to remember Thee ;
 Help each poor trembler to repeat,
 " For me, he died, for me ! "

Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
 To our rememb'rance brings ;
 We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
 But think on nobler things.

Oh tune our tongues, and set in frame
 Each heart that pants for Thee,
 To sing Hosanna to the Lamb,
 The Lamb that died for me !

255 *Sacrament.* C.M.

THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
 And God invites to sup ;
 The juices of the living vine
 Were press'd to fill the cup.

Oh, bless the Savior, ye that eat,
 With royal dainties fed ;
 Not heav'n affords a costlier treat,
 For Jesus is the bread !

The vile, the lost, He calls to them,
 Ye trembling souls appear !
 The righteous in their own esteem
 Have no acceptance here.

Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
 The banquet spread for you ;
 Dear Savior, this is welcome news,
 Then I may venture too.

If guilt and sin afford a plea,
 And may obtain a place ;
 Surely the Lord will welcome me,
 And I shall see his face.

256 *Sacrament.* L.M.

TWAS on that dark, that doleful night
 When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betray'd Him to his foes.

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran ;
What wondrous words of grace he spake !

“ This is my body broke for sin,
“ Receive and eat the living food :”
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine :
“ 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.”

“ Do this (He cried) till time shall end,
“ In mem'ry of your dying Friend ;
“ Meet at my table, and record
‘ The love of your departed Lord.’”

Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

257 *Sacrament.* 7. 6.

10/10
F
AITHFUL Bridegroom, Holv Lamb,
By thy church beloved ;
Manifest thy sweetest name,
To each heart approved.

Crown this ordinance of thine
With a solemn blessing ;
Let our feast be all divine,
Each thyself possessing.

Cause that bleeding sacrifice,
Once for sinners given,
To appear before our eyes,
Earnest of our heaven.

We partake the bread and wine,
Seals of our profession ;
Of the inward grace the sign,
Symbols of thy passion.

We commemorate thy death
 While we are receiving,
 Feeding in our hearts by faith,
 With unfeign'd thanksgiving.

258 *Sacrament.* L.M.

COME, sinner, to the gospel feast,
 Jesus invites you for his guest;
 Oh! taste the goodness of your God,
 And eat his flesh, and drink his blood!

See him set forth before our eyes,
 Behold the bleeding sacrifice!
 His pard'ning love make haste, embrace,
 And freely now be sav'd by grace.

Ye, who believe his record true,
 Shall sup with him, and he with you:
 Come to the feast, be sav'd from sin,
 For Jesus waits to take you in.

259 *Sacrament.* C.M.

COME, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
 Thine inward witness give;
 And to my inmost soul reveal
 The death by which I live.

I want the dear Redeemer's grace,
 — I seek the Crucified;
 The man that suffer'd in my place,
 The God that groan'd and died.

Spectator of the pangs divine,
 Oh that I now may be!
 Discerning in the sacred sign
 His passion on the tree.

Give me to understand that sound
 Which told his mortal pain,
 Tore up the graves, and rent the ground
 And broke the rocks in twain.

Repeat my dying Savior's cry
 Unto my heart so loud,
 That my whole soul may now reply,
 " This is the Son of God."

260 *Sacrament.* C.M.

COME, Holy Ghost, Thine influence shed,
 And realize the sign :
 Thy life infuse into the bread,
 Thy pow'r into the wine.

Effectual let the tokens prove,
 And made by heav'nly art,
 Fit channels to convey thy love
 To each believing heart.

261 *Sacrament.* C.M.

THIS was compassion like a God,
 That when the Savior knew,
 The price of pardon was his blood,
 His pity ne'er withdrew !

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to his throne :
 There's not a gift his hand bestows,
 But cost his heart a groan.

Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
 His love is still as great :
 Well he remembers Calvary,
 Nor will his saints forget.

Here we receive repeated seals
 Of Jesu's dying love :
 Hard is the wretch that never feels
 One soft affection move.

Here let our hearts begin to melt,
 While we his death record ;
 And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
 Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

262 *Sacrament.* L.M.

WHAT heav'ly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood, [skies,
With joy and pity in his eyes ?

The Lord ! the Savior ! yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears :
Dear glorious Man that died for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.

Lo ! he reveals his shining breast,
I own those wounds, and I adore ;
Lo ! he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore !

Whence flow these favors so divine ?
Lord why so lavish of thy blood ?
Why for such earthly souls as mine
This heav'ly flesh, this sacred food ?

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree ;
'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

Then let us taste the Savior's love,
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord :
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet Hosannas crown the board.

263 *Prospect of Death.* C.M.

SWEET to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

Then shall my disemprisoned soul
Behold him and adore :
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

Soon too my slumb'ring dust shall hear
 The trumpet's quick'ning sound,
 And, by my Savior's pow'r rebuilt,
 At his right hand be found.

These eyes shall see him in that day,
 The God that died for me :
 And all my rising bones shall say,
 Lord, who is like to Thee !

If such the views which grace unfolds,
 Weak as it is below,
 What raptures must the church above
 In Jesu's presence know !

Oh ! may the unction of these truths
 For ever with me stay,
 'Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
 My spirit flies away.

264 *The departed Saint.* 8s.

A H, lovely appearance of death !
 No sight upon earth is so fair ;
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
 Can with a dead body compare ;
 With solemn delight I survey
 The corpse when the spirit is fled,
 In love with the beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in its stead.

How blest is our brother bereft
 Of all that could burden his mind,
 How easy the soul that hath left
 This wearisome body behind.
 Of evil incapable thou,
 Whose relicts with envy I see,
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain;
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again :
 No longer henceforward, or shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay ;
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanish'd away.

The languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
 The quiet immovable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more .
 The heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain,
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.

The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :
 The fountains can yield no supplies,
 These hollows from water are free.
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.

265 *Funeral. C.M.*

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at Death's alarms ?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upwards too,
 As fast as time can move ?
 Why should we wish the hours more slow
 That keep us from our love ?

Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb ?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a sweet perfume !

The graves of all his saints he blest,
 And soften'd ev'ry bed ;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head ?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And shew'd our feet the way ;
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
 At the great rising day.

266 *Funeral. C.M.*

GREAT God ! I own thy sentence just,
 And nature must decay ;
 I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow-clay.

Yet faith may triumph oe'r the grave,
 And trample on the tombs ;
 My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
 My God, my Savior comes.

The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
 High on a royal seat ;
 And death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
 And gnaw my wasting flesh ;
 When God shall build my bones again,
 He'll clothe them all afresh.

Then shall I see thy lovely face
 With strong immortal eyes,
 And feast upon thine unknown grace
 With pleasure and surprise.

267 *Funeral. C.M.*

HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free !
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.

Worthy the Lamb, aloud they cry,
That brought us here to God ;
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The merit of his blood.

With wond'ring joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past ;
And bless the wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.

They follow the exalted Lamb,
Where'er they see him go ;
And at the footstool of his grace
Their blood-bought crowns they throw.

Lord, let the merits of thy death
To me be likewise giv'n ;
And I, with them, shall shout thy praise
Through all the courts of heav'n.

268 *Funeral. S.M.*

THE spirits of the just,
Confin'd in bodies, groan,
Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
And then the conflict's done.

Jesus, who came to save,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Perfum'd the chambers of the grave,
And made ev'n death our gain.

Why fear we then to trust
The place where Jesus lay ?
In quiet rests our brother's dust,
And thus it seems to say :

“ Forbear, my friends, to weep,
 “ Since death hath lost its sting :
 ‘ Those christians, that in Jesus sleep,
 “ Our God will with Him bring.”

269 *Funeral. C.M.*

NAKED as from the earth we came,
 And crept to life at first,
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with our dust.

The dear delights we here enjoy
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short favors borrow'd now,
 To be repaid anon.

’Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them to the grave,
 He gives, and (blessed be his name !)
 He takes but what he gave.

Peace all our angry passions then,
 Let each rebellious sigh
 Be silent at his sov'reign will,
 And ev'ry murmur die.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread,
 And we'll adore the justice too,
 That strikes our comforts dead.

270 *The Spirit of Prayer. C.M.*

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
 In this our evil day :
 To all thy tempted followers give
 The pow'r to trust and pray.

Long as our fiery trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear,
 Oh ! let our souls on Thee be cast
 In never-ceasing pray'r.

Thy Holy Spirit's praying grace
 Give us in faith to claim ;
 To wrestle, till we see thy face,
 And know thy hidden name.

'Till thou the Father's love impart,
 'Till thou thyself bestow,
 Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,
 " I will not let Thee go."

I will not let Thee go, unless
 Thou tell thy name to me ;
 With all thy great salvation bless,
 And say, " I died for thee."

Then let me, on the mountain-top,
 Behold thy open face,
 'Till faith in sight is swallowed up,
 And pray'r in endless praise.

271 *Prayer.* L.M.

PRAY'R was appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give :
 Long as they live should christians pray,
 For only while they pray they live.

The christian's heart his pray'r indites,
 He speaks as prompted from within ;
 The Spirit his petition writes,
 And Christ receives and gives it in.

And shall we in dead silence lie,
 When Christ stands waiting for our pray'r ?
 My soul thou hast a friend on high,
 Arise, and try thy int'rest there.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay,
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,
 The remedy's before thee ; *pray.*

Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail ;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
 Fear not—His merits must prevail ;
 Ask what thou wiit, it shall be done.

272 *To the Holy Ghost.* C.M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Let us thine influence prove ;
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of life and love.

Come, Holy Ghost, for mov'd by Thee
 The prophets wrote and spoke ;
 Unlock the truth, Thyself the key !
 Unseal the sacred book :

Water with heav'nly dew thy word,
 In this appointed hour ;
 Attend it with thy presence, Lord,
 And bid it come with pow'r :

Open the hearts of them that hear,
 To make the Savior room :
 Now let us find redemption near,
 Let faith by hearing come.

273 *Trinity.* L.M.

BLEST be the Father, and his love,
 To whose celestial source we owe
 Rivers of endless joy above,
 And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to Thee, great Son of God !
 Forth from thy wounded body rolls,
 A precious stream of vital blood,
 Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give the sacred Spirit praise,
 Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
 Makes living streams of grace arise,
 And into boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore :
That sea of life, and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

274 The Anchor of Hope. C.M.

NO more with trembling heart I try
A multitude of things ;
Still wishing to find out that point
From whence salvation springs.

My anchor's cast within the veil,
Where I shall ever rest,
From all the labors of my thoughts,
And workings of my breast.

What is my anchor—do you ask ?
A hope that stays the mind,
Diving with mis'ry from its weight,
Till firmest ground it find.

What is my ground ? 'tis Jesus Christ,
Whom faithless eyes pass o'er ;
Yet there poor sinners anchor may,
And ne'er be shaken more.

275 Salvation in Christ. S.M.

THE Lord on high proclaims,
His Godhead from his throne ;
“ Justice and mercy are the names
“ Wherby I will be known :
“ Ye dying souls, that sit
“ In darkness and distress,
“ Look from the borders of the pit
“ To my recov'ring grace.”

Sinners shall hear the sound,
Their thankful tongues shall own,
“ Our righteousness and strength are found
“ In Thee, O Lord, alone.”

In Thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiv'n ;
God shall pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heav'n.

276 *Christ's Compassion.* C.M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

277 *The Angel of the Covenant.* S.M.

THOU very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed ;
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.

Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character;
To guard and feed thy chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light:
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

278 *Comfort in Death.* 7.6.

WHEN I obtain permission
To leave this vale of tears,
Be Thou my good Physician,
At hand to soothe my fears
Oh! let my soul expiring,
On thy dear breast recline;
And be true life acquiring
From that pierc'd heart of thine.

Savior apply the merit
And comfort of thy blood,
When I give up my spirit
To Thee, my Judge and God:
If with me in my passage
Thou art, how glad and bold
Shall I receive the message,
And let my limbs grow cold.

The soul, on Thee believing,
Goes safe to Paradise;
The body too, retrieving
A purer frame, shall rise

Spite of the grave's corruption
 I shall thy glory see ;
 And sing of my adoption.
 To all eternity.

279 *The Witnessing Spirit.* C.M.

WHY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter ! descend and bring
 Some tokens of thy grace.
 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
 And seal the heirs of heav'n ?
 When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
 And shew my sins forgiv'n ?
 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.
 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come ;
 May thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
 Safely convey me home.

280 *Grace.* C.M.

RICH grace, free grace, most sweetly calls
 Directly come, who will,
 Just as you are, for Christ receives
 Poor helpless sinners still.
 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls,
 Grace keeps us inly poor ;
 And Oh ! that nothing else but grace
 May rule for evermore.

281 *To the Holy Ghost.* 7. 6. 7.

HOLY Ghost, by him bestow'd
 Who suffer'd on the tree,
 Take of my Redeemer's blood,
 And shew it unto me !

Thou the great revealer art
 Of his righteousness divine !
 Now assure my sprinkled heart,
 That God, through Him, is mine.

282 *Trust in God.* C.M.

WHY should I doubt his love at last,
 With anxious thoughts perplex'd ?
 Who sav'd me in the troubles past,
 Will save me in the next :
 Will save, till at my latest hour,
 With more than conquest blest,
 I soar beyond temptation's pow'r,
 To my Redeemer's breast.

283 *Pardon for the vilest.* C.M.

MY sins are many, like the stars,
 Or sands upon the shore ;
 But yet the mercies of my God
 Are infinitely more.

Manasseh, Paul, and Magdalen,
 Were pardon'd all by Thee ;
 I read it, and believe it, Lord,
 In mercy pardon me.

284 *For Fellowship with Christ.* L.M.

TIS pure free grace to me, my God,
 To know the merit of thy blood ;
 Lord, keep me ever, through this grace
 At thy dear feet, that happy place !

Sweet is the privilege to be,
 My Lord, in fellowship with Thee ;
 This blessing let me always find,
 And feel Thee near, and rove Thee kind

285 *Happiness in Christ.* C.M.

THOU say'st, dear Jesus, all thy saints
 Who love thy face to see,
 Shall have, while in this vale of tears,
 Kind visits oft from Thee.
 Then let my soul with Thee converse,
 Who art my chief delight;
 For sure the world can't ease my heart,
 If banish'd from thy sight.

286 *Fellowship.* C.M.

JESUS, knit all our hearts to Thee,
 And join us all in one;
 And in our meetings every where
 Be Thou our aim alone.
 Reign Thou sole monarch of our hearts
 Without a rival reign;
 'Till we with angels join above,
 To praise the Lamb once slain.

287 *Praise to Christ Jesus.* L.M.

BLESSINGS for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore the curse for wretched men;
 Let angels sound his sacred name,
 And every creature say, Amen.

288 *Praise.* 7s.

OH, that all may seek and find
 Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!
 Him let Israel still adore,
 Trust him, praise him evermore.

289 *Mercy.* C.M.

MERCY, good Lord, mercy I ask,
 This is the total sum;
 For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
 O let thy mercy come!

290 7. 6. 7.

FAATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore ;
Join we with the heav'nly host
To praise Thee evermore.
Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd,
Three in One, and one in Three ;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to Thee.

291 6. 8.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise ;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise ;
With all our pow'rs, eternal King,
While faith adores, thy name we sing.

292 8s.

TO God who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son who deign'd to die,
Our guilt and mis'ry to remove ;
To the blest Spirit who life imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be endless glory, praise, and love.

293 104th.

OFATHER of heav'n ! be ever ador'd,
Thy mercy we find, in sending our
Lord [praise,
To ransom and bless us ; thy goodness we
For sending in Jesus, salvation by grace.
O Son of his love ! who deignedst to die,
Our curse to remove, our pardon to buy,
Accept our thanksgiving, Almighty to save
Who openest heaven to all that believe.

O spirit of love, of health, and of pow'r ;
 Thy working we prove, thy grace we adore ;
 Whose inward revealing applies our Lord's
 blood,
 Attesting and sealing us children of God.

294 P. M.

GLORY, honor, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever,
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
 Hallelujah !
 Praise the Lord.

295 8s.

IMMORTAL honor, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name ;
 The Savior Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

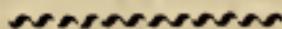
296 L. M.

OGOD of glory ! God of love !
 In essence One, in person Three,
 With all the shining hosts above
 Let dust and ashes worship Thee !

297 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him all creatures here below,
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

SUPPLEMENTARY.



298 *The Church Triumphant.* L.M.

Q. EXALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand.
With glory crown'd, in white array,
My wond'ring soul says, who are they ?

A. These are the saints belov'd of God,
Wash'd are their robes in Jesu's blood
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

Q. Brighter than angels, lo, they shine,
Their glories great, and all divine ;
Tell me their origin, and say,
Their order what, and whence came they ?

A. Thro' tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross and scorn'd the shame ;
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on him rest.

Q. And does the cross thus prove their gain
And shall they thus for ever reign,
Seated on sapphire thrones, to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace ?

A. Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain ;
To wells of living waters led,
By God the Lamb for ever fed.

Q. Unknown to mortal ears they sing
The secret glories of their King :
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise ?

A. Jesus the Savior is their theme ;
They sing the wonders of his name ;
To him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

Amen, they cry to him alone,
 Who reigns upon his Father's throne ;
 They give him glory, and again
 Repeat his praise, and say, Amen.

299 *Glorying in Jesus.* L.M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?
 Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor,
 O may I scorn it more and more.

Ashamed of Jesus—of that Friend
 On whom for heaven my hopes depend ?
 It must not be—be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus—yes, I may,
 When I've no crimes to wash away :
 No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then, nor is the boasting vain,
 'Till then I'll boast a Savior slain :
 And, oh ! may this my portion be—
 That Savior, not ashamed of me !

300 *Crowning Jesus.* C.M.

ALL hail the Great Immanuel's name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
 And as they tune it, fall
 Before his face who tunes their choir.
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fix'd this floating ball ;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
 And crown Him Lord of All.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of All.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of All.

Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call ;
The God incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of All.

Sinners ! whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of All.

Let every tribe, and every tongue
That bound creation's ball,
Now shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of All.

301 *Divine Wisdom.* Mark vii. 37. L.M.

NOW in a song of grateful praise
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise,
With all his saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express ;
But, O his love ! what tongue can tell !—
My Jesus hath done all things well.

How sov'reign, wonderful, and free,
Has been this love to sinful me !
This pluck'd me from the jaws of hell :—
My Jesus hath done all things well.

I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws ;
 And yet he undertook my cause,
 To save me, though I did rebel ;
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

And since my soul has known his love,
 What mercies hath he made me prove—
 Mercies which do all praise excel ;—
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

Whene'er my Savior and my God
 Has on me laid his gentle rod ;
 I know on all that has befel,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

Though many a fiery flaming dart
 The tempter levels at my heart ;
 With this I all his rage repel,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

Sometimes my Lord his face doth hide,
 To make me pray, or kill my pride :
 Yet then it on my mind doth dwell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms shall lose my breath ;
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.

And when to that bright world I rise,
 And join the anthems in the skies ;
 Above the rest this note shall swell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well !

302 *Omnipotence of God.* L.M.

THHERE's no created soul can flee
 The presence of a holy God ;
 Who through eternity can see,
 And sways all kingdoms with his nod.

How awful when his pow'rful hand
 Makes the tremendous thunder roll,
 Mountains and rocks can ne'er withstand
 The pow'r which spreads from pole to pole.

Now bow to God with filial fear,
 High as his throne are all his ways :
 Ye saints, who are his special care,
 Repeat his name in raptur'd praise.

Great is the Lord's expanded arm,
 Large as immensity his pow'r ;
 Sure as his throne it shall remain,
 When rolling years shall be no more.

303 *Public Worship.* 6. 6. 8.

HOW pleas'd and bless'd was I,
 To hear the people cry,
 " Come let us seek our God to-day !"
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honours pay.

Zion, thrice happy place !
 Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round;
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray, and praise,—and hear
 The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

There David's greater Son
 Has fix'd his royal throne,
 He sits for grace and judgment there ;
 He makes the sinner sad,
 He bids the saint be glad,
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of ev'ry guest ;
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest.

My tongue repeat thy vows,
 " Peace to this sacred house,"
 For there my friends and kindred dwell,
 And since my glorious God
 Makes Thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

304 *In Affliction.* C.M.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my heart to thee ;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Dear Lord, remember me.

When groaning on my burden'd heart,
 My sins lie heavily ;
 My pardon speak, new peace impart,
 In love remember me.

Temptations sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee ;
 O give me strength, Lord, as my day !
 For good remember me.

Distrest with pain, disease, and grief,
 This feeble body see,
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,
 Hear and remember me.

If on my face, for thy dear name,
 Shame and reproaches be ;
 I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
 If thou remember me.

The hour is near, consign'd to death,
I own the just decree :
Savior, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, remember me.

305 *Rest in Heaven.* L.M.

LORD when shall we, supremely blest,
Enter into our glorious rest,
Partake the triumphs of thy sky,
And holy, holy, holy cry ?

With all thy heav'nly hosts, with all
Thy blessed saints, we then shall fall,
And sing in ecstacy unknown,
And praise Thee on thy dazzling throne.

306 *Knowledge of Christ.* L.M.

TO know my Jesus crucified
By far excels all things beside ;
All earthly good I count but loss,
And triumph in my Savior's cross.

Knowledge of all terrestrial things
Ne'er to my soul true pleasure brings ;
No peace—but in the Son of God,
No joy—but through his pard'ning blood.

Oh could I know and love him more,
And all his wondrous grace explore !
Ne'er would I covet man's esteem,
But part with all and follow him.

Although my trials shall increase,
Ne'er may I wish their number less ;
But e'er be bold in thy grand cause,
And feel my heav'n in thine applause.

307 *Resignation.* C.M.

SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chast'ning rod,
I mourn, but not repine.

Why should my foolish heart complain,
Where, wisdom, truth, and love,
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to rest above;

How short are all my suff'nings here,
How needful ev'ry cross !
Avaunt thou unbelieving fear !;
Nor call my gain my loss.

Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name ;
My Jesus yesterday, to-day,
For ever, is the same.

308 *Confidence in God.* C.M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd ;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

Where shall I bathe my weary soul
seas of heav'nly rest,
Not a wave of trouble roll
Cross my peaceful breast.

309 *Joys of Heaven.* L.M.

OHAPPY saints who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus cloth'd in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

Releas'd from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An open cage to let them fly,
And build their happy nest on high.

And now they range the heav'ly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesu's love.

They gaze upon his beauteous face,
His lovely mind and charming grace,
And gazing hard, with ravish'd eyes,
His form they catch, and taste his joys.

He cheers with his eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while,
Or, overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.

Ah ! Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

310 *A propitious Gale.* L. M.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, sweet Spirit, come :
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way.

Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below :
But I can only spread my sail ;
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale.

311 *Invitativn.* 7s.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Savior deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds I hear !
 Bursting on my ravish'd ear :

“ Love's redeeming work is done,
 “ Come and welcome, sinner, come.

“ Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
 “ Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
 “ On my pierced body laid :
 “ Justice owns the ransom paid :
 “ Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
 “ Come and welcome, sinner, come.

“ Spread for thee the festal board,
 “ See with richest dainties stor'd ;
 “ To thy Father's bosom press'd,
 “ Yet again a child confess'd ;
 “ Never from his house to roam,
 “ Come and welcome, sinner, come.

“ Soon the days of life shall end,
 “ Lo, I come, your Savior, Friend,
 “ Safe your spirit to convey
 “ To the realms of endless day :
 “ Up to my eternal home,
 “ Come and welcome, sinner, come.”

312 *Praise.* C.M.

COME, come, ye happy, happy saints,
 The heav'nly Lamb adore !
 Dwell on his everlasting love,
 And praise him evermore.

Spread his dear name through all the earth,
 Sing his eternal pow'r ;
 Shout the rich fountain of his blood,
 And praise him evermore.

Up to the courts where now he reigns,
 May all our spirits soar ;
 Fully survey his mercy seat,
 And praise him evermore.

Hark how the angels chant his name ;
 See how they all adore :
 Triumph and wonder, gaze and sing.
 And praise him evermore.

Saints, who surround his dazzling throne,
 Their tuneful voices raise :
 Higher than angels bear their songs,
 The glorious songs of praise.

Come, O my spirit, higher still
 Swell the celestial lays ;
 Higher than all the heights of heav'n,
 Sound Jesu's endless praise.

313 *Praise.* L.M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise,
 Mercy and truth are all his ways :
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
 The King of kings with glory crown ;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no more.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fix'd the starry lights on high ;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night ;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When sun and moon shall shine no more.

He sent his Son with pow'r to save
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat :
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When this vain world shall be no more.

314 *Loving Kindness.* L.M.

AWAKE my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;
 He justly claims a song from me,
 His loving kindness, O how free !

He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
 Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all :
 He sav'd me from my lost estate ;
 His loving kindness, O how great !

Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
 Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along,
 His loving kindness, O how strong !

When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick, and thunder'd loud,
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving kindness, O how good !

Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Jesus to depart ,
 But though I have him oft forgot,
 His loving kindness changes not.

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail ;
 Oh ! may my last expiring breath,
 His loving kindness sing in death !

315 *Adoration.* 8s.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

316 *Praise.* 8s.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last,
Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure :
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace :
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

He loves his saints ; he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell ;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :

Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

317 *Judgment.* 10, 11.

THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west his sovereign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices ;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices ;

No more shall atheists mock his long delay ;
His vengeance sleeps no more, behold the day !
Behold the Judge descends ! his guards are nigh,
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him,
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come
To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom :
But gather first my saints, (the Judge commands)
Bring them ye angels, from the distant lands.
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

Behold, my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd with all their names, the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship or the new.
There's no distinction here, join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav'n rejoices.

Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread
their thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons;
Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys pre-
par'd
Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward,
When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful
passion, [salvation.
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your

318 *Expostulation.* L.M.

SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams,
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

Jesus, thy Savior and thy God,
Becomes a man of grief for thee;
For thee he sheds his sacred blood,
And hangs a curse upon the tree.

Give me thy heart, my son, he cries,
And kindly waits to take thee in:
With love and pity in his eyes,
He weeps to save thee from thy sin.

319 *Death and Judgment.* C.M.

PAST is the dire decree! to die;
 Appointed, man, thou art;
 And after death for judgment nigh,
 Sinner, prepare thy heart.

Conscious of evils, many, great,
 My spirit faints with fear;
 Before thy awful judgment seat,
 Lord, how shall I appear!

“Look to my cross,” the Savior said,
 “I died that thou should’st live:
 “Thy sins were on my body laid,
 “I peace and pardon give.

“Friend of my heart, believe, adore;
 “Enter my promis’d rest;
 “And let dark guilt and fears no more
 “Disturb that throbbing breast.

“On my bright throne I soon shall come,
 “Complete salvation bring;
 “And take my ransom’d people home:
 “Prepare to meet your King.”

Come quickly, Lord, all praise to Thee,
 I’ve nought to apprehend;
 Since in the Judge himself I see
 My Savior and my friend.

320 *The Dying Christian.*

VITAL spark of heav’ly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame,
 Trembling, hoping, ling’ring, flying,
 Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark ! I hear my Savior say,
 " Come my ransom'd, come away ;"
 Lord, thy love o'ercomes me quite,
 Fills my spirit with delight :
 O receive me ! take my breath,
 And let me come to Thee through death.

The world recedes, it disappears ;
 Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Jesus ! to Thee I mount, I fly !
 O grave, where is thy victory ?
 O Death, where is thy sting ?

321 *Christ's Victory over Satan.* C.M.

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King !
 The prince of darkness flies,
 His troops rush headlong down to hell,
 Like lightning from the skies.

There bound in chains the lions roar,
 And fright the rescu'd sheep ;
 But heavy bars confine their pow'r
 And malice to the deep.

Hosanna to our conqu'ring King !
 All hail incarnate love !
 Ten thousand songs and glories wait
 To crown thy head above.

Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
 Thro' the wide world shall run,
 And everlasting ages sing
 The triumphs Thou hast won.

322 *Jesus weeping.* S.M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

The Son of God in tears,
 Angels with wonder see !
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee !
 He wept that we might weep ;
 Each sin demands a tear ;
 In heav'n alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

323 *Review of our Ways.* 8s.

WHEN all my past days to review,
 And ponder my ways I begin,
 The farther the search I pursue,
 I trace but corruption and sin.

Soon as from the womb I was brought,
 My race was in evil begun,
 My spirit with frowardness fraught,
 And falsehood beguiled my tongue.

To manhood from youth as I grew,
 My reason to passion the slave,
 As custom, as fashion still drew,
 I rush'd down the steep to the grave.

My conscience, that monitor true,
 Remonstrates, but little avails ;
 The good which I would, I can't do ;
 The evil I would not, prevails.

Then take me, Lord, such as I am,
 And make me just what I should be ;
 I'll take to myself all the shame,
 And give all the glory to Thee.

324 *The Lord will provide.* 104th.

THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail, and foes
 all unite ;
 Yet one thing secures us. whatever betide,
 The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread :
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as it's written, " the Lord will provide."

We all may, like ships, by tempests be toss'd
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost :
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet scripture engages the Lord will provide.

His call we obey, like Abra'm of old ;
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold ;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

When Satan appears to stop np our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us, (tho' oft he has tried,)
This heart-cheering promise, ' the Lord will provide.

No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name,
In this our strong tower, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro' ;
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, " the Lord will provide."

325 *Strength for the Day.* L.M.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Savior's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy day, thy strength shall be.

Let not thy heart despond and say,
 " How shall I stand the trying day ?"
 He has engag'd by firm decree,
 That as thy day, thy strength shall be.

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
 And if the conflict should be long,
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
 For as thy day, thy strength shall be.

When call'd to bear the weighty cross
 Of sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
 Or deep distress, or poverty,
 Still as thy day, thy strength shall be.

When ghastly death appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
 He comes to set thy spirit free,
 And as thy day, thy strength shall be.

326 *Divine Forbearance.* 7s.

LORD, and am I yet alive,
 Not in torments, not in hell !
 Still does thy good Spirit strive !
 With the chief of sinners dwell !
 Tell it, unto sinners tell,
 I am, I am out of hell.

Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
 Will not of thy love despair !
 Still in spite of sin I rise,
 Still I bow to thee in pray'r.
 Tell it, &c.

O the length and breadth of love !
 Jesus, Savior, can it be ?
 All thy mercy's height I prove,
 All the depth is seen in me
 Tell it, &c.

See a bush that burns with fire,
Unconsum'd amid the flame !
Turn aside the sight t' admire,
I the living wonder am !
Tell it, &c.

See a stone that hangs in air !
See a spark in ocean live !
Kept alive with death so near,
I to God the glory give.
Ever tell—to sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell.

327 God's Foundation. 7s.

GOD's foundation standeth sure,
We shall to the end endure,
Safely will the Shepherd keep,
Those he purchas'd for his sheep,
God's foundation, &c.

Known to him before the sun
First began his course to run,
Chosen, called from above,
Objects of eternal love.

God's foundation, &c.

Put thy seal upon each heart,
Thy blest image, Lord, impart ;
All thyself in us reveal,
We the clay, and thou the seal.

God's foundation, &c.

Ev'ry evil, Lord, subdue,
By thy grace our souls renew,
Then from base affection free,
Dead to sin, we'll live to Thee.

God's foundation standeth sure,
We shall to the end endure

328 *A Hiding Place.* L.M.

HAIL, sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail matchless, free, eternal grace!
That gave my soul a hiding place.

Against the God who rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the mention of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

But thus th' eternal council ran:
" Almighty love, arrest that man!"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

Indignant justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew!
But justice cried with frowning face,
" This mountain is no hiding place."

Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appear'd;
She led me on with placid pace,
To Jesus as my hiding place.

Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No flaming bolt could daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.

On Him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding place.

A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the songs of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place.

329 *The Joyful sound.* C.M.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound,
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Thro' their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives !

330 *Lord's Day.* L.M.

SWEET is the work, O God our King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths by night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care should seize our breast ;
O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

Our hearts shall triumph in Thee, Lord,
And bless thy works, and bless thy word ;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

O may we see, and hear, and know,
What mortals cannot reach below ;
May all our powers find sweet employ
In Christ's eternal world of joy.

331 *For the King & Royal Family.* 8.8.6.

LORD, Thou hast bid thy people pray
For all that bear the sov'reign sway,
And thy vicegerent's reign ;
Rulers and governors, and pow'rs,
And lo, in faith we pray for ours,
Nor can we pray in vain.

Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
And every threat'ning danger ward
From his anointed head ;
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
And through the path of heav'nly peace,
To life eternal lead.

Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their dire malicious aim,
Their baffled hopes destroy ;
But show'r on him thy blessings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joy.

To hoary hairs be Thou his God,
Late may he see thy high abode,
Late to his heav'n remove ;
Of virtues full, and happy days,
Accounted worthy by thy grace,
To fill a throne above.

And when Thou dost his soul receive,
give us in his offspring, give
Us back our king again ;
Preserve them, Providence divine,
And let the long illustrious line
To latest ages reign.

Secure us, of his royal race,
A man to stand before thy face,
And exercise thy pow'r ;

With wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our church to bless,
Till time shall be no more.

332 *Before Sermon.* 8s.

THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word :
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear ;
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread :
Thus Lord, &c.

To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy ;
And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear :
Thus Lord, &c.

Father, in us thy Son reveal ;
Teach us to know and do thy will ;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day :
Thus Lord, &c.

333 *Before Sermon.* L.M.

O BLESS thy servant, dearest Lord,
While he shall preach the gospel-word ;
May he declare delightful things
Of Christ the glorious King of Kings

O grant him bright celestial views,
While he proclaims the Gospel-news !
With fiery zeal his soul inflame,
While he exalts the bleeding Lamb.

Give him clear light and burning love,
Pour down thy blessings from above :
May we all hear the Savior's voice,
And all believe and all rejoice.

334 *Before Sermon.* 8. 5. 6.

BLEST Spirit, now on us descend,
Thine influence let us feel :
May Jesus our Lord,
Here shine thro' his word,
His presence now to us reveal.

O God, we oft have seen thy face,
In this thine house of pray'r ;
Now open our ears,
Dispel all our fears,
And free us from each sinful care.

And when from hence we do remove,
Be with us then, O Lord ;
Thy aid still impart,
To each contrite heart,
And help us to feed on thy word.

335 *Before Sermon.* C.M.

LORD, while we hear thy sacred word,
Apply it by thy pow'r :
Then heav'nly truths we shall regard,
And thy great name adore.

May the bright beams of sov'reign love,
With heav'nly splendor shine :
And may this place a Bethel prove
To ev'ry saint of thine.

336 *Before Sermon.* C.M.

BELoved Savior, Prince of Life !
To us thy Spirit give ;
We long to hear thy cheering voice,
Which bids poor sinners live.

337 *Before Sermon.* C.M.

TOUCH with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word ;
And bid each hearer humbly keep
Attention to Thee, Lord.

338 *Before Sermon.* C.M.

OLORD, thy sov'reign aid impart,
And give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation on each heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

Shew our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

339 *Before Sermon.* S.M.

FATHER of earth and heav'n,
Thy waiting people feed ;
Thy grace be to our spirits giv'n,
That true immortal bread.

O fill our mouths with praise,
And give us now to prove
The sweetness of thy pard'ning grace,
The manna of thy love.

340 *After Sermon. S.M.*

ONCE more before we part,
We'll bless the Savior's name ;
Record his mercies, ev'ry heart :
Sing, ev'ry tongue, the same.

Lay up his sacred word,
To feed thereon and grow,
Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practise what you know.

341 *Dismission. 8.7.4.*

NOW we'd all, with grateful spirits,
Join to bless the Prince of Peace,
Praise him for imparted favors,
Praise him for displays of grace ;
Lovely temple,
When the Savior's in the place.

Lord, we wait the happy moment,
Wait to rise at thy command,
Where thy chosen shall for ever
Dwell in one united band ;
All triumphant,
Sing in Canaan's happy land.

There, in purer, sweeter concord,
We thy saints shall e'er abide,
And through one eternal sabbath,
Jointly shout the crucified ;
Then how glorious,
Will appear thine honor'd bride !

Each dear saint shall swell the concert,
Striving each to praise Thee most,
And the flaming hallelujahs
Charm the whole angelic host ;
Ever praising,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

342 *Dismission.* L.M.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word,
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

Though we are guilty, Thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood ;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

343 *Doxology.*

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore :
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

**ORIGINAL.**344 *National.* L.M.

OLORD ! our refuge, always near
In times of great distress to hear ;
To Thee we cry, O help afford !
Make bare thine arm, fulfil thy word.

With shame, our sin and guilt we own,
In justice would thy wrath draw down :
But Lord, thy mercies never fail,
O let thy mercy now prevail.

Though desolations spread around,
Our years with goodness still are crow
To Jacob's God our pray'r we mak
Who spears can cut, and bows c^o break.

Thine arm's not short, thine ear not dull,
 Thou still art kind and merciful ;
 We wait, as sinners, at thy throne,
 Thy grace and pow'r, O Lord, make known.

Stretch forth thine arm, and peace restore,
 Let it extend from shore to shore ;
 O let the nations of the earth
 Enjoy the fruits of Jesu's birth.

345 *National.* C.M.

A LMIGHTY Lord, of heav'n and earth,
 Our Father and our God !
 On thy great name we humbly call,
 Beneath thy chast'ning rod.

Thine awful justice we adore,
 But oh ! restrain thy wrath ;
 Nor send thy righteous vengeance down
 To crush our souls to death.

Our sins with sorrow we confess,
 Their number none can tell ;
 Our aggravated guilt, we own,
 Deserves the deepest hell.

Melt down each flinty heart, O Lord,
 Dissolve our souls in grief ;
 And let thy mercy sweetly flow,
 To bring us quick relief.

Pardon, through Jesu's blood, we crave,
 And sanctifying grace :
 O let thy judgments be remov'd,
 And shew thy smiling face.

346 *National.* L.M.

PROSTRATE before thy face we fall,
 Thou great Jehovah, Lord of all ;
 O let thine ear attentive be,
 While we confess our sins to Thee.

All ranks among us have transgress'd,
Forsaken Thee, the ever-blest ;
Despis'd thy precepts, scorn'd thy grace,
And prov'd ourselves a rebel-race.

Our sins like pointed mountains rise ;
Our guilt surmounts these lower skies ;
Against thy light, against thy love,
Ungrateful we have basely strove.

With fasting we would seek thy face,
By pray'r would supplicate thy grace ;
Turn us, good Lord, and let us be
Henceforth devoted unto Thee.

O may we learn thy name to fear,
Thy sacred sabbath to revere !
Pardon through Jesu's blood impart,
And circumcise each sinful heart.

Then let thy judgments be remov'd,
Be Thou ador'd, obey'd, and lov'd :
May thy defence surround our shore,
And we provoke our God no more !

347 *National.* C.M.

GREAT God ! who dost all nations rule,
And their affairs control,
Whose pow'r is known through all the earth
Thy love from pole to pole :

Our native land in pity view,
On sinners, Lord, look down ;
Thy mercy's great and ever new
In Christ thine only Son.

Let blessings fall, in copious show'rs,
Upon our Sov'reign's head :
Our rulers guide—O let them be
In paths of wisdom led.

Thou God of peace, speak but the word,
 And war shall cease to rage ;
 Let us to Thee our refuge fly,
 With Thee our hearts engage.

348 *Baptism.* C.M.

FROM the first Adam we derive
 Pollution, guilt, and death ;
 And to God's just and holy law
 We forfeit ev'ry breath.

Water, the instituted sign
 Of purifying grace,
 Succeeds the circumcising knife,
 Ordained in its place.

But blood alone can guilt remove,
 And make the conscience clean ;
 The precious blood of God's dear Son,
 Which takes away all sin.

Buried with Christ and in him rais'd,
 We bring forth fruit to God :
 While his good Spirit in our hearts
 Sheds his own love abroad.

heav'ly dove ! who didst descend
 On our baptized Lord,
 To all assembled here this day.
 Thy quick'ning grace afford.

Baptize our souls with holy fire,
 Give each thy pow'r to feel ;
 Smile on this ordinance divine,
 And set thereto thy seal.

349 *Baptism.* L.M.

JESUS, encourag'd by thy word,
 Our offspring now we bring to Thee ;
 Kindly receive them, gracious Lord,
 And thy dear children let them be.

Thy Spirit's renovating grace,
O grant that they may all partake ;
Help them to run the heav'nly race,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.

350 *Baptism.* C.M.

DEAR Lord ! behold we bring to Thee
Our helpless infant-race ;
Receive them in thine arms of love,
And bless them with thy grace.

O wash them in thy precious blood,
Shew all their sins forgiv'n ;
And may thy Spirit sanctify,
And seal them heirs of heav'n !

Then, Lord, before thy Father's face,
Triumphant they'll proclaim,
‘ We conquer'd sin, and death, and hell,
‘ Through thy beloved name.’

351 *On behalf of Youth.* L.M.

O GOD of sov'reign grace and truth,
To Thee we now commend our youth,
Regard our plea, thy Spirit give :
“ Before Thee, Lord, O may they live.”
Convince them of their nature's sin ;
That they indeed are all unclean,
And from thy laws have run astray,
Despising Christ, to life the way.

O shew them where their course must end
If they reject the only Friend,
Who saves from sin and endless woe,
And guards his own from ev'ry foe.

O lead them to the Lamb of God,
And wash them in that precious blood
Which from his pierced side did burst,
To cleanse the vile, and save the worst.

Come Holy Ghost! thy life impart;
 Renew the will, and change the heart:
 Let our dear youth thy grace receive,
 Before Thee may they ever live.

352 *For Youth.* C.M.

SINCE Thou hast taught my lips to speak,
 And make their pray'r to Thee;
 I'll cry, and thus thy favor seek,
 " O Lord ! remember me !"

In growing years, O may my tongue
 Tun'd to thy praises be,
 And this my constant, humble song,
 " Dear Lord ! remember me !"

From youthful sins that wound the soul,
 May I be help'd to flee,
 And when I feel their vile control,
 O Lord ! remember me !

When with life's heavy load, opprest,
 I bend the trembling knee,
 Then give my suff'ring spirit rest,
 Dear Lord ! remember me !

O let me thus in life and death,
 Thy great salvation see,
 And cry, with my expiring breath,
 " Dear Lord ! remember me !"

353 *For Youth.* C.M.

BLEST be the God of providence,
 That here our feet are found !
 Blest be the God of love and grace,
 For mercy's joyful sound.

Tho' young in years our feet have run
 In sin's destructive way ;
 O lead them now in holy paths,
 And never let them stray !

'Tis not from childhood or from youth,
We date our guilt and sin ;
We trace transgression's outward act,
To native seeds within.

These in our nature deeply fix'd,
Nourish'd with every breath,
Grow and produce the awful fruits,
Of sin and shame and death.

O Lord ! thy mercy we implore !
O lead us in thy truth !
Thro' Jesus pardon all our sins,
And sanctify our youth.

Be ev'ry holy gift and grace
By thy good Spirit giv'n ;
Thee may we serve and love on earth,
And glorify in heav'n.

354

Children praising Christ. Matt. xxi. 15. C.M

THOUGH in the temple some are found
Who bid us hold our peace,
Hosanna ! loud our lips resound,
To Christ the God of grace.

Hosanna ! ever be our cry,
To David's Son and Lord :
Save now Thou art exalted high ;
Thy gracious help afford.

Out of the mouths of very babes,
Thou hast ordained praise :
To sing thy pow'r, thy grace, and love
We now our voices raise.

Hosanna ! still we'll cry aloud,
To Christ enthron'd on high ;
May we at last surround his throne,
And Hallelujah cry.

355

Children coming to Christ. Mark x. 13. L.M.

UP to the Lord in cheerful lays,
Awake our hearts to sing his praise ;
For though he's great, his ear attends,
When praise from youthful hearts ascends.

When Jesus came man's curse to bear,
Young children did his kindness share,
His follow'rs would have sent them home,
But Jesus suffer'd them to come.

“ Of such,” he said, “ the kingdom is ; ”
The childlike shall enjoy its bliss ;
And all who shall in heaven live,
Must as a child the gift receive.

A child-like spirit, Lord, impart,
Forgive my sin, renew my heart :
Thy word hath said, “ Ask and receive,”
Give faith, O Lord, let me believe.

356 *For Youth. L.M.*

OUR youthful tongues to God we raise,
And loud resound our Maker's praise :
He gave us birth, and life prolongs,
To him alone the praise belongs.

Tho' we have sinn'd, he still is good,
He gives us health, he sends us food ;
And will eternal life impart,
To all who seek him with the heart.

Come, Holy Ghost, thine influence give,
And make us all in Christ to live ;
That we may here God's praise proclaim,
And ever live t' adore his name.

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

Page.	Page.
A DEBTOR to mercy 276	Come, thou fount of 282
A form of words 146	Come, thou long 263
Afflicted saint 462	Come, sinners to the 389
Ah! lovely appearance 396	Companions of thy 156
Alas! and did 173	Compassionate Savior 222
All hail the great 428	
All ye that pass by 153	DAY of judgment 279
Almighty Lord of heav'n 483	Dear Lord, attend 194
Amazing grace 289	Dear Lord! behold 489
And let this feeble 167	Dearest of all the names 281
Array'd in mortal flesh 213	Dearest Jesus, come 139
At anchor laid 442	Death cannot make 107
Author of true 349	Did Christ o'er sinners 448
Awake, and sing the song 43	Dismiss us with 481
Awake my soul 447	
Awake our souls 324	ELIJAH'S example 375
 	Embark'd upon a stormy 375
BEFORE Jehovah's 45	Encompass'd with clouds 393
Behold the throne 274	Encourag'd by the word 279
Beloved Savior 193	Ere I sleep 369
Beloved Savior, prince 477	Exalted high 425
Beside the gospel-pool 291	
Blest are the souls 469	FAIR as the moon 83
Blest be the dear 144	Faithful Bridegroom 388
Blest be the Father 408	Far from the world 219
Blest be the God 492	Father, Son, and 47,421
Blest spirits above 314	Father of earth 478
Blest Spirit now on us 475	Flow fast, my tears 136
Blessings for ever 420	For mercies countless 264
Blow ye the trumpet 66	Free grace to ev'ry 215
Breathe from 21	From all that dwell 149
Brethren let us join 120	From heav'n the loud 180
Bride of the Lamb 352	From the cross uplifted 443
By me, O my Savior 191	From the first Adam 487
By whom was David 26	
 	GENTLE Jesus, lovely 188
CAPTAIN of thine 68	Give to our God 446
Children of Israel 203	Glory, honor, praise 423
Come, come, ye happy 444	Glory to God on high 34
Come, holy, celestial 362	God moves in a mysterious 11
Come, Holy Ghost, my 56	God of mercy 135
Come, Holy Ghost, our 407	God of my life 230
Come, Holy Ghost, set 390	God of my salvation 261
Come, Holy Ghost, thine 391	God, the omnipresent 271
Come, Holy Spirit, come 177	God's foundation 465
Come, let us join 185	Go forth in Spirit go 186
Come, my Father's family 148	Grace how exceeding 139
Come, my soul thy suit 253	Grace! 'tis a charming 26
Come, thou Almighty 240	Gracious Spirit 27

TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

Page.	Page.	
Great God I own 399	Jesus, my all 124	
Great God who dost 486	Jesus, our Great 316	
Guide me, O thou great 59	Jesus, Redeemer 151	
HAIL sov'reign love 467	Jesus the all restoring 42	
Hail, Thou once 53	Jesus, the Savior 298	
Happy the heart 238	Jesus, thy blood 63	
Hark ! in the wilderness 195	Jesus, thou lovely 81	
Hark, my soul 161	Jesus, where'er 373	
Hark ! the glad sound 267	Jesus, we claim Thee 287	
Hark ! the herald angels 242	Jesus whose Almighty 346	
Hark ! the voice 159	Join all the glorious 254	
Head of the church 84	LADEN with guilt 329	
Heal me, O my soul's 155	Let earth and heav'n 236	
Heal us, Immanuel 123	Lift up your heads 244	
Hearts of stone, relent 382	Light of the world 61	
He comes ! he comes 116	Lo ! he comes 114	
He dies, the Friend 178	Lord, and am I 464	
Ho ! every one 330	Lord, dismiss us 328	
Holy Comforter descend 211	Lord, I believe 311	
Holy Ghost, by him 416	Lord, I would spread 52	
Holy Ghost, dispel 1	Lord, let my spirit 261	
Holy Ghost, inspire 197	Lord, make me faithful 112	
Hosanna to our 457	Lord, one thing we want 98	
How blest are they 150	Lord, thine image 339	
How glorious the Lamb 331	Lord, thou hast bid 471	
How happy are the souls 401	Lord, we come before 332	
How happy are we 95	Lord ! what a wretched 225	
How pleas'd and blest 433	Lord, when shall we 437	
How sad our state 121	Lord, while we hear 476	
How shall I speak 337	Love divine, 126	
How sweet the name 295	Love mov'd Him to die 154	
IF Jesus is ours 181	Lukewarm souls the foe 221	
I'll praise my maker 449		
Immortal honor 424	MERCY, good Lord 421	
In Christ my treasure's 110	My former hopes 212	
In Thee, O Christ 41	My God, the cov'nant 111	
I shall not always 247	My Jesus, my hope 79	
Is there a thing that 256	My Savior, Thou didst 351	
. . . wait the visits 62	My sins are many 418	
JESUS, all praise is due 319	My soul before Thee 169	
Jesus, and shall it ever 427	My times of sorrow 13	
Jesus, at thy command 272		
Jesus, each blind 105	NAKED as from 403	
Jesus, encouraged 488	Nay, I cannot let 46	
Jesus, friend of sinners 189	No more with trembling 409	
Jesus, invites his saints 380	Not all the blood 208	
Jesus is all my hope 259	Not words alone 10	
Jesus, Jesus, King 257	Nothing but thy blood 55	
Jesus, Knit all our hearts 419	Nothing in this world 89	
Jesus, lead me by thy 57	Now begin the heav'nly 9	
Jesus, lover of my soul 251	Now I have found 326	
Jesus, master of the feast 383	No wonder when 309	



